WEIRD ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS—THE UNIVERSE OF THE FUTURE
PLANET COMICS
MAY
No. 30
SPACE RANGERS
•
STAR PIRATE
10¢
HUNT BOWMAN
STALKS DREAD VOLTA RAIDERS THROUGH THE RUBBLE OF PARIS IN THE
"CITY of LOST SOULS"

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LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

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NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 31, JULY) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND MAY 10th.

The LOST WORLD

By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK

ACROSS A WORLD RIVEN-AND BLASTED BY VOID-STREWN HORRORS ROVES HUNT BOWMAN, A SIMPLE, HARDY SURVIVOR, AND HIS FRIEND LYSSA, EXILE OF AN EARLIER TIME... OVER THEM THE CONSTANT THREAT OF THE SOULLESS VOLTA-MEN!

CAUTIOUSLY, FROM A HILL NEAR ONE TIME ST. LOUIS THEY SEE A VOLTA SHIP IN THE VALLEY..

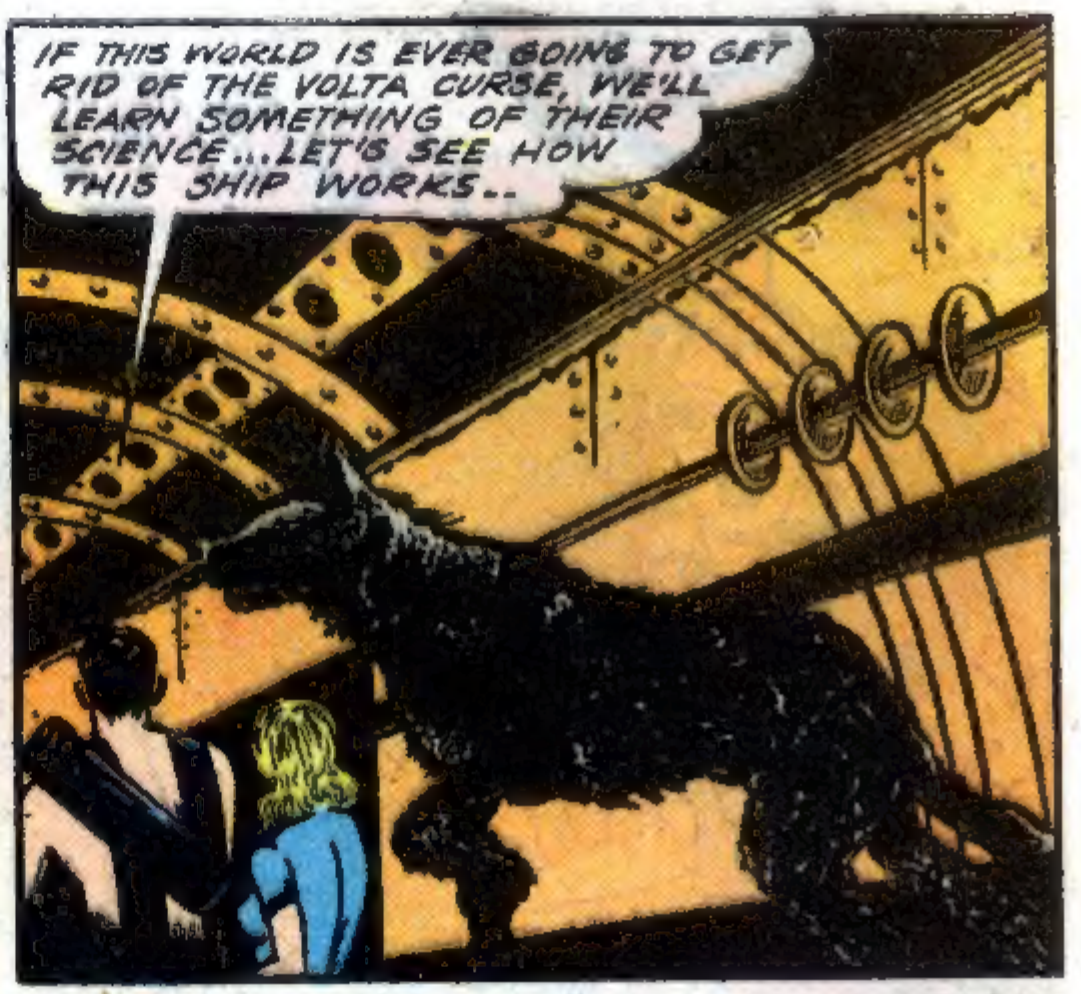
NOT SINCE SUNRISE HAS ANYONE LEFT OR ENTERED THAT THING, LYSSA!

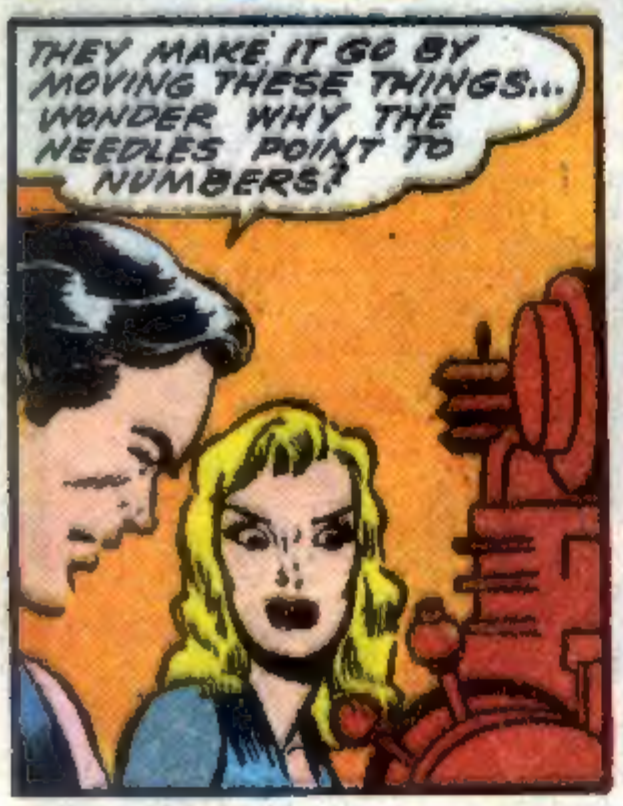
DO BE CAREFUL, HUNT, THOSE MONSTERS ARE TREACHEROUS!

BUT LOBO AND I HAVE SCOUTED THE VALLEY WELL..THEY'VE SIMPLY ABANDONED THAT SHIP. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE INSIDE OF ONE.

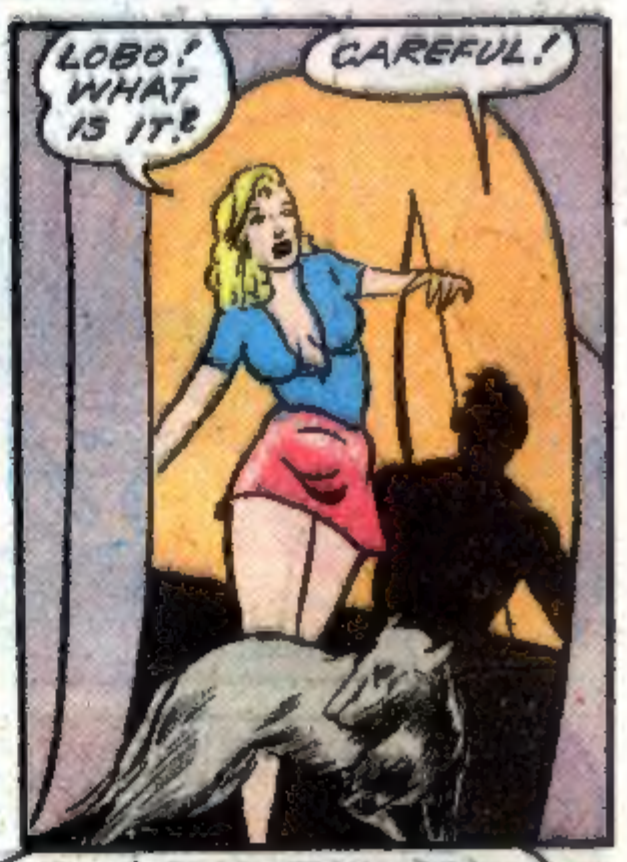
WELL.. GO AHEAD, HUNT. I'M PRAYING IT'S NOT A TRAP!

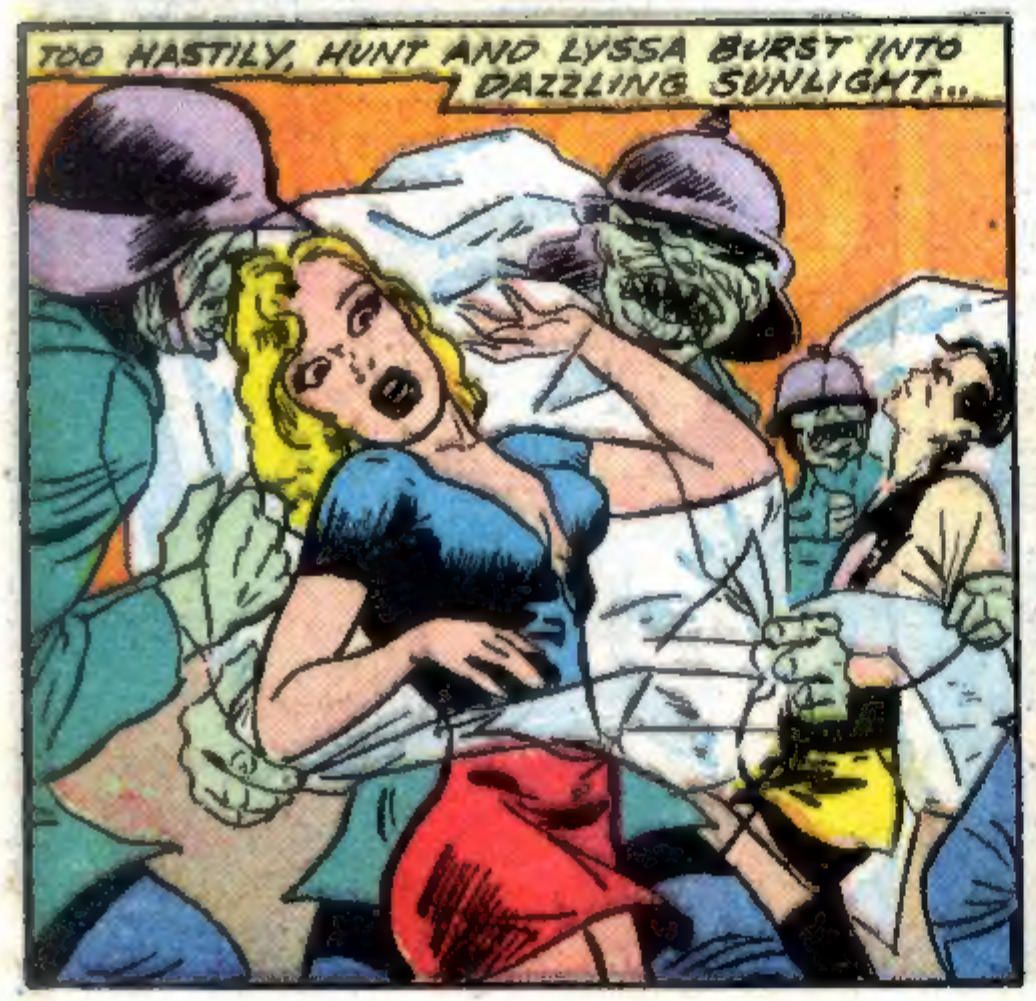
THEY LEFT THE DOOR OPEN!
MORE PROOF THEY'VE ABANDONED IT!


IF THIS WORLD IS EVER GOING TO GET RID OF THE VOLTA CURSE, WE'LL LEARN SOMETHING OF THEIR SCIENCE...LET'S SEE HOW THIS SHIP WORKS..


THEY MAKE IT GO BY MOVING THESE THINGS... WONDER WHY THE NEEDLES POINT TO NUMBERS?

WAIT! DIDN'T LOBO GROWL JUST THEN?..


LOBO! WHAT IS IT?
CAREFUL!


TOO HASTILY, HUNT AND LYSSA BURST INTO DAZZLING SUNLIGHT...

YESS! TRAP SSSUCCEEDS AND WE HAVE YOU... THE ELUSSSIVE SSSAVAGES!

WE TAKE YOU IMMEDIATELY TO VOLTA.. FOR ME, GREAT REWARD.. FOR YOU, TORTURE AND DEATH!

BUT ENOUGH.. THROW THEM IN THE CABLE ROOM! THEY ARE TOO STUPID TO DO ANY HARM THERE.

BACK, LYSSA! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN..

AS THE CABLE ROOM DOOR SWINGS OPEN..

HAVE YOU FREE IN A JIFFY, LOBO. LYSSA, PULL THE ROPES FROM THESE NETS. WE MAY NEED THEM!

THE SHIP MOVES..

TOO STUPID TO DO DAMAGE, HEY.. PERHAPS I KNOW THESE METAL ROPES CARRY POWER!

WHEN I RIP THESE CABLES APART!

WHAT HAPPENS.. THE SHIP LURCHES.. THE LIGHTS GO OUT...

BRACE YOURSELF, LYSSA!

HELPLESS, SAVE FOR ITS GLIDING PLANES THE VOLTA SHIP PLUNGES TOWARD THE RUINS OF THE LOST WORLD'S MOST GLAMOROUS CITY...

...AND CRASHES TO A GRINDING STOP!..

..AND DOWN TO THE STREET..

ILL PREPARED, THE CREW IS STUNNED..

..BUT IN THE CABLE ROOM..

QUICK.. KNOT THE ROPES AND GO OUT THROUGH THAT HOLE!

ROUND THAT CORNER!

WHAT'S THAT?

A HUMAN!

..BUT THE STRANGE FIGURE SCURRIES RAT-LIKE INTO A HOLE...

OOH! IT'S DARK IN HERE!

YES, BUT IF IT MEANT SAFETY TO HIM, IT MAY BE SAFETY FOR US!

NEITHER HUNT NOR LYSSA KNOW THEY ARE GROPING IN THE SEWERS OF ANCIENT PARIS!

SUDDENLY, AS THEY ROUND A CORNER—

SEIZE THEM!

DOWN, CUR!

WHY DO YOU ATTACK US?.. WE MEAN NO HARM!

OUR LEADER IS BEST JUDGE OF THAT... COME!

PERHAPS HENRI IS WRONG, PAPA!

QUIET, DAUGHTER.. NOW, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

BRAVE LEADER, THESE STRANGERS PURSUED ME!

WE WERE RUNNING FROM THE VOLTA MEN WHEN WE SAW--

WHAT! THE VOLTA MEN?

THROW THEM OUT.. AND QUICKLY.. BEFORE THE VOLTA MEN COME LOOKING FOR THEM DOWN HERE!

THE CHIEF'S COMMAND IS CARRIED OUT WITH ENTHUSIASM...

LUCKILY UNSEEN BY VOLTA MEN, HUNT AND LYSSA SEARCH DESPERATELY FOR A WAY OUT OF THE CITY...

WE STAND A BETTER CHANCE IN THE COUNTRY.. WHAT'S THAT!

A FIGURE FLITS THROUGH THE NEARBY RUINS..

WHY, HUNT.. THAT'S THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER!

YES.. AND OUR FRIENDS, THE VOLTAMEN ARE HOT ON HER TRAIL.

HUNT'S BOW TWANGS ONCE..

..TWICE.. AND THEN HE IS SPOTTED!

GARDE DES DEUX MAGOTS

BUT THE EARTHMAN LEAPS!

IT'S A WASTE OF TIME, TAKING ON JUST ONE!

THE STRAIN IS TOO MUCH FOR THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

SHE'S FAINTED.. MUST GET HER OFF THE STREETS BEFORE MORE VOLTA MEN COME!

BUT, HUNT.. THEY'LL KILL US!

HAVE TO CHANCE THAT. WE MUST GET HER TO HER PEOPLE!

UH.. HERE'S YOUR DAUGHTER.. WE FOUND HER..

YOU FOUND HER ?? YOU KILLED HER! ..AND FOR THAT YOU DIE!

NO, WAIT—

WE'LL HOLD HIS MATE! IF COLETTE IS TRULY DEAD, SHE TOO SHALL PAY!

TAKE CARE! THE DOG—

AMID ALL THIS EXCITEMENT COLETTE LIES ALMOST FORGOTTEN.. BUT LOOK!.. SHE STIRS.. MOANS!

HUNT FIGHTS FOR LYSSA'S VERY LIFE.. AND HIS OWN..THEY CLOSE IN ON HIM

WAIT! WAIT! PAPA, WHY DO YOU DO THIS TO HIM?

THIS BRAVE MAN SAVED ME FROM THE VOLTA CREATURES!

MY CHILD, I COULD NOT TELL... YOU 'ARE SO DEAR TO ME!

A THOUSAND PARDONS, M'SIEUR.. HE WHO SAVES HER, SAVES ME. THE BEST OF WHAT I HAVE IS YOURS!

BUT JUST THEN..

SACRE! THE VOLTA MEN HAVE FOUND THE SEWERS! EVEN NOW THEY COME!

WE ARE LOST! OUR HIDING PLACE IS KNOWN! THEY WILL NOT REST UNTIL THEY HAVE ROOTED US OUT!

BUT WHERE CAN YOU GO? WHAT CAN YOU DO?

NOTHING.. NOTHING.. INTO THE STREETS, MY PEOPLE! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!

HOLD ON!.. I HAVE AN IDEA! THESE ARE THE ONLY VOLTAMEN WHO KNOW.

MEANWHILE, A NEW AND DREADFUL STEP ECHOES ALONG THE ANCIENT TUNNELS..

SUDDENLY—

HOPE THESE LIGHTS DON'T SPOIL MY AIM!

IT ISS THE BOWMAN! GIVE CHASE!

BUT THE VOLTAMEN DO NOT NOTICE THE ROPE UNTIL...

ALL RIGHT.. PULL!

SUDDENLY JERKED OUT FROM THE WALL, THE ROPE TOPPLES THEM INTO THE SEWER STREAM...

NOW.. AT THEM!

DEATH TO THE VOLTA DOGS!

THE VOLTAMEN, WEIGHED DOWN BY THE EQUIPMENT ARE DESTROYED TO THE LAST MAN... THEIR FATE TO BE A MYSTERY TO THE REST OF THEIR KIND...

YOU HAVE SAVED US! STAY WITH US WE NEED YOUR HELP!

NO. WE MUST GET BACK!

YES, BACK TO THAT OTHER LAND.. IF WE ONLY KNEW HOW TO GET THERE!

...AND NOW BEGINS THE ODYSSEY OF HUNT'S AND LYSSA'S QUEST FOR WHAT THEY CALL "HOME", THE LAND BEYOND THE VAST FORGOTTEN-NAME OCEAN.. IN THE NEXT **PLANET COMICS!**

PLANET COMICS GOES ON SALE THE 10th

MARS

MARS, GOD OF WAR... MARS, SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION.. MARS, INCARNATION OF HATE— THIS CONCENTRATION OF ALL THE EVIL IN THE UNIVERSE FINDS AT LAST THE PERFECT INSTRUMENT FOR HIS RAGING BERSERK SCHEMES!

ON THE BRIGHT WORLD OF HOLG A TWISTED PITIABLE FIGURE SKULKS.. HALTS BEFORE A STRANGE NOTICE...

WHAT'S THIS? AM I OF SOME USE AFTER ALL!

WANTED.. A BRAIN.

Dr. Stal leading Scientist of Holg, requires a recen living human brai

All offers considered!

DAD, THERE'S A.. A MAN TO SEE YOU ABOUT YOUR NOTICE.

GOOD! PERHAPS HE CAN GET ME A BRAIN. IT'S ALL I NEED, LORA, TO MAKE THIS MACHINE GO!

OH..ER.. YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?

YES, MY NAME'S DREW.. THINK YOU CAN USE MY BRAIN?

AND MARS HURRIES TO HIS FILES...

HMM! DREW.. BRILLIANT CHEMIST ON BARNIL, A NEARBY WORLD.. TWO WORLDS, SO CLOSE TOGETHER!

..AND OF COURSE, YOU'LL GIVE ME A WRITTEN STATEMENT THAT YOU UNDERSTAND.. AND ARE WILLING?

OF COURSE, OF COURSE! I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR.. THIS WAY I CAN BE OF SOME USE!

..PERMANENTLY INJURED BY A LAB EXPLOSION!

UNFIT FOR FURTHER WORK... VIRTUALLY CONDEMNED!

LEAVES BARNIL FOR HOLG.. THEN...

WHAT A MONSTER! MEANT FOR USEFUL WORK, I SUPPOSE-- MY SWORD! WHAT AN OPPORTUNITY!

AND HERE IS DREW.. AH, I SEE! THEY WANT HIS BRAIN, DO THEY?.. WELL, SO DO I!

DAD, I HOPE NOTHING GOES WRONG!

WHY, LORA, WHAT COULD GO WRONG?

MARS CANNOT ENTER A DEAD BODY, NO.. BUT THE BRAIN OF THE MAN NAMED DREW..THAT BRAIN IS **ALIVE!**

AT LAST! THE BRAIN IS INSTALLED, LORA. WHEN IT REVIVES, THE WHOLE THING WILL COME TO LIFE. IT WILL OBEY ORDERS LIKE A CHILD,.TEAR DOWN A MOUNTAIN, BUILD A BUILDING... MAN NEED WORK NO LONGER... BUT I, STAL, AM VERY TIRED...

LATER, THE LARGEST FREIGHTER OF THE STAR LANES HURTLES WITH ITS BIGGEST LOAD TOWARDS BARNIL, THE NEIGHBOR WORLD...

THE GREAT SHIP SETTLES INTO LANDING CRADLES... HUGE DOORS FOLD BACK..AWED WORKMEN ENTER THE GLOOM OF ITS CAVERNOUS HULL...

AND THEN - AWE MELTS INTO TERROR!

STAL'S SUPER-ROBOT IS RUNNING AMOK!

HELP.. HELP! ARMY-NAVY-AIR FORCE! THE MACHINE FROM HOLG.. RUNNING WILD.. HELP!

LEAVING DEATH IN ITS WAKE, THE FRIGHTFUL THING ROLLS ON TO ITS NEXT OBJECTIVE!

ABOARD A BARNIL PATROL..

SHIFT YOUR COURSE! WE JUST GOT AN URGENT CALL FROM HOME BASE!

BARNIL FORCES RALLY TO THE ATTACK - BUT THEIR WEAPONS HARDLY DISTURB THE RAGING MONSTER..

THE HOLG CHIEF OF STATE RECEIVES THE BARNILIAN AMBASSADOR...

WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO HOLD YOUR WORLD RESPONSIBLE. AND, WE REPEAT, THIS MONSTER MUST BE STOPPED!

YES, BUT..

HOLG POLICE BURST IN ON BEWILDERED STAL AND DRAG HIM OFF..

HAVE COURAGE, LORA ---THE PEOPLE ARE AROUSED BUT I CAN PROVE MY INNOCENCE!

YET, IN COURT—

I..I..I JUST CAN'T EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED!

EITHER YOU ARE STUPID..OR GUILTY! GUILTY OF PLOTTING TO PLUNGE US INTO WAR.. A TRAITOR TO US ALL!.. AND IN EITHER CASE THE PENALTY IS -- DEATH!

NO-NO! YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! GIVE ME A CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG!

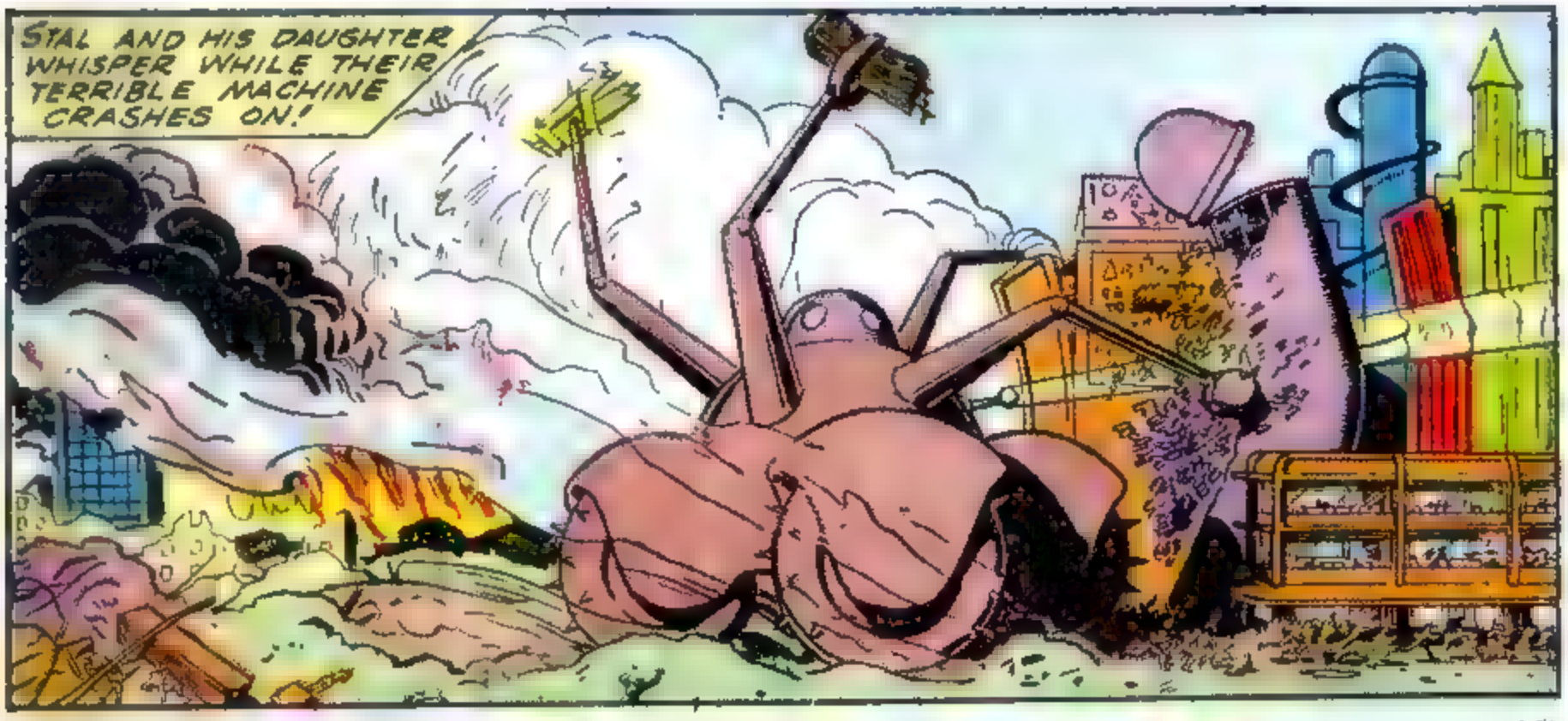
LATER, LORA IS ALLOWED TO VISIT HIM..

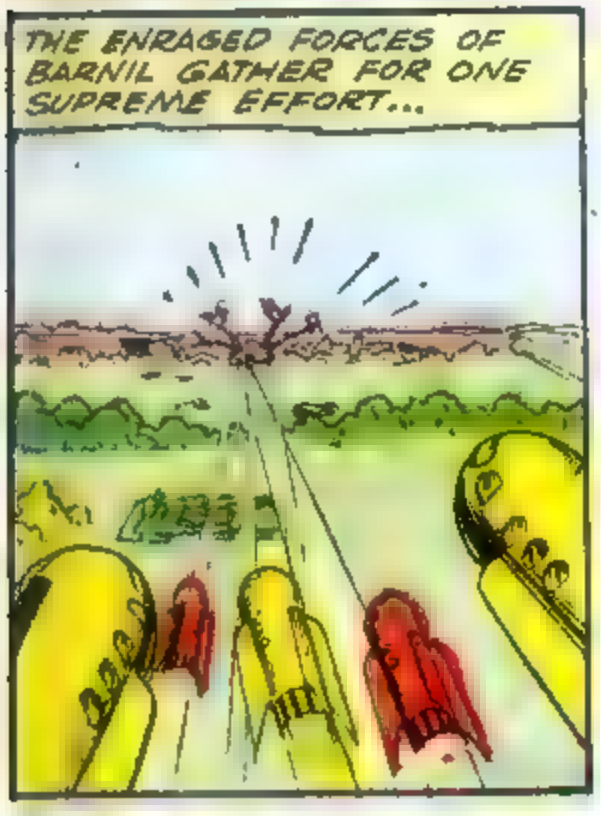
I CAN'T BEAR IT! AFTER ALL I'VE DONE THEY STILL THINK I..

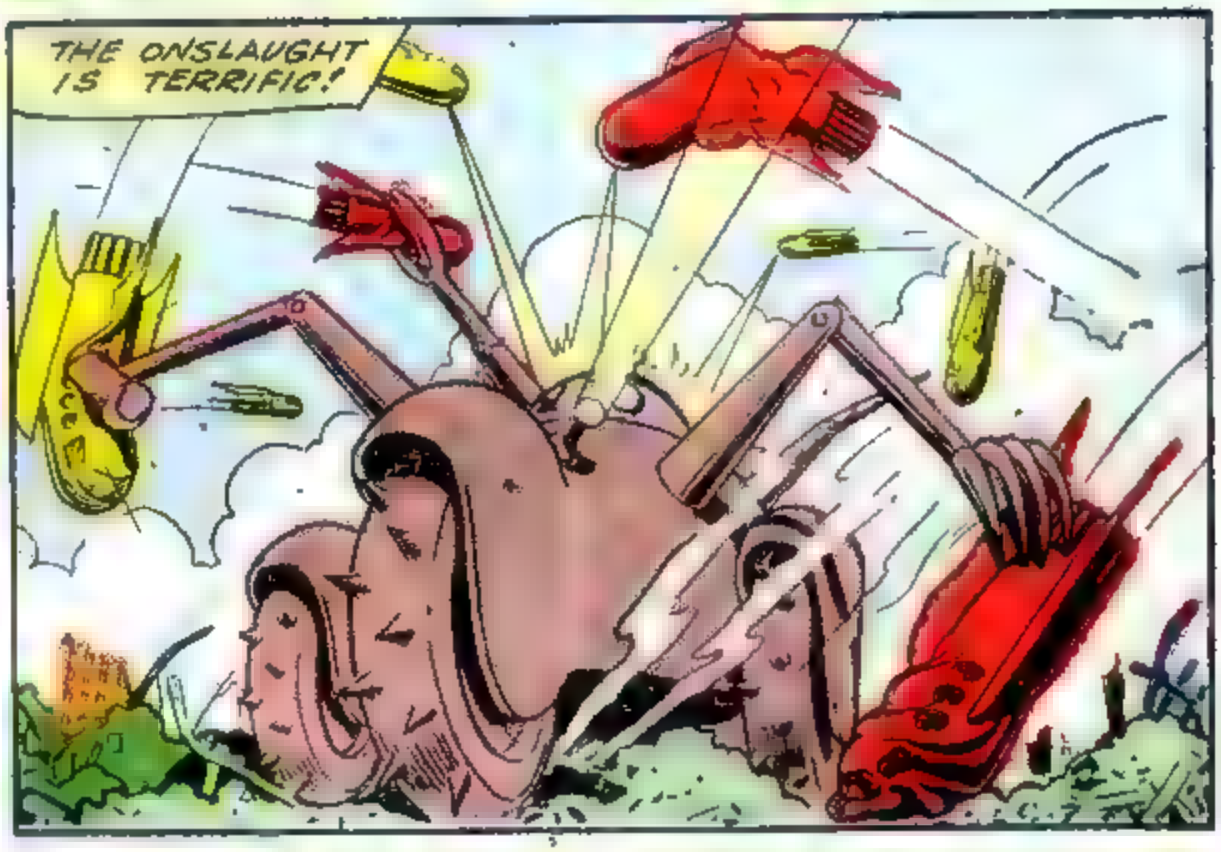
BE BRAVE, DAD! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING— SOMETHING TO STOP THAT AWFUL BRAIN!

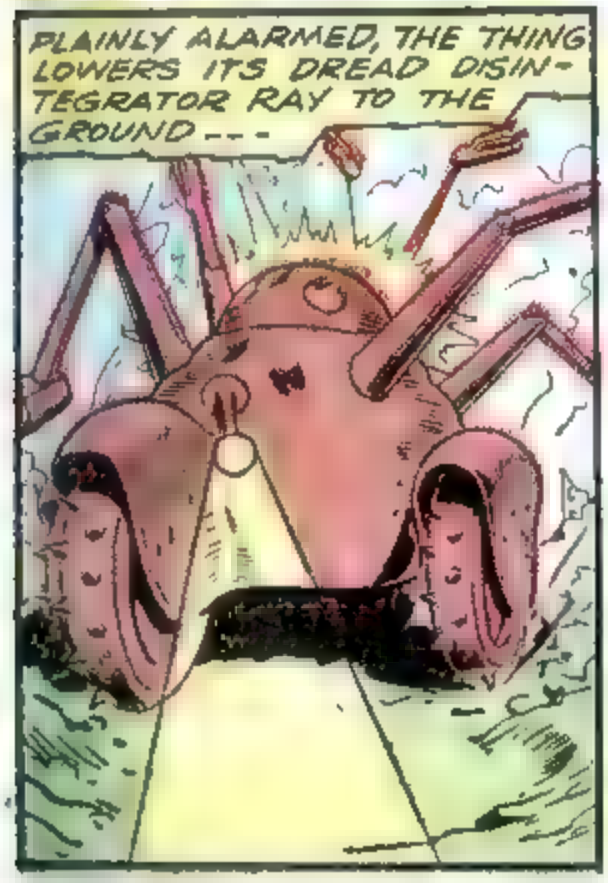
LORA! THERE IS SOMETHING!.. LEAN CLOSER.. REMEMBER OUR ULTRADYNE CANCER CURE THAT FAILED! KILLED OFF OUR WHOLE STOCK OF GUINEA PIGS!

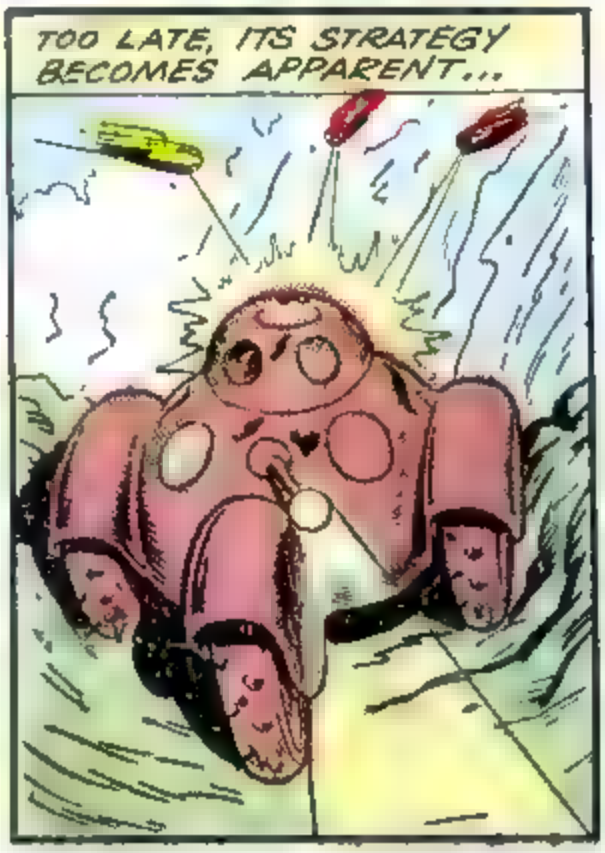
OH, DAD! YES, GO ON!

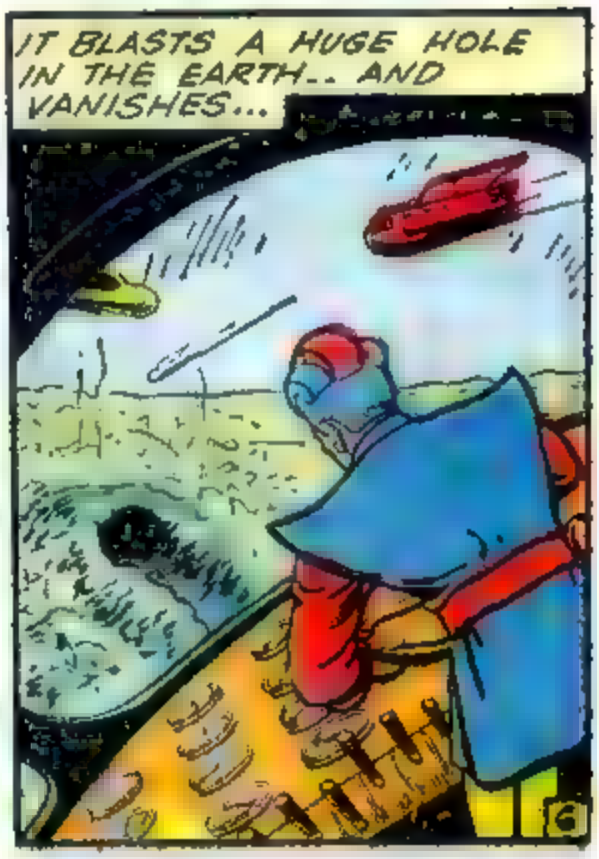

STAL AND HIS DAUGHTER WHISPER WHILE THEIR TERRIBLE MACHINE CRASHES ON!


THE ENRAGED FORCES OF BARNIL GATHER FOR ONE SUPREME EFFORT...


THE ONSLAUGHT IS TERRIFIC!


PLAINLY ALARMED, THE THING LOWERS ITS DREAD DISINTEGRATOR RAY TO THE GROUND---


TOO LATE, ITS STRATEGY BECOMES APPARENT...


IT BLASTS A HUGE HOLE IN THE EARTH.. AND VANISHES...
6

MEANWHILE, MARS LAUGHS.. RELATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO WORLDS GET WORSE ..BARNIL DEMANDS DAMAGES.. HOLG REFUSES..THE BARNIL AMBASSADOR IS RECALLED..

..AND OUT IN BLACK SPACE HOLG AND BARNIL FIGHTING SHIPS MANEUVER NERVOUSLY, EYEING ONE ANOTHER.. THE TINDER AWAITS THE SPARK--

WHAT DIFFERENCE CAN IT MAKE THAT A GIRL WORKS FEVERISHLY AT A LABORATORY BENCH ALONE--- HARDLY DARING TO HOPE?

ABOARD A BARNIL PATROL..

SAY.. WHAT'S THAT?

A HOLG SHIP TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH! GIVE IT A WARNING SHOT!

IT DOESN'T RESPOND! WARN THE FLEET AND CHASE IT!

BUT THE LITTLE SHIP IS FAST..

AND IN NO TIME IS OUT OF RANGE, AND ROCKETING DOWN TO THE SURFACE OF BARNIL..

SURFACE PATROL! SURFACE PATROL! LIGHT VESSEL OF HOLG DESIGN APPROACHING FAST.. TAKE OVER—

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Screen Art Studios, Dept D
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AND JUST THEN THE SURFACE ERUPTS BENEATH THE RACING CRAFT...

THE GODS ARE WITH ME! NOW FOR THE ULTRADYNE RAY!

A DAZZLING NEEDLE OF LIGHT STABS DOWN..

OH, MY HEAD. WHAT AGONY!

DREW'S BRAIN IS BLACKENED, SHRIVELED..

..AND THE METALLIC TITAN MAKES ONE PONDEROUS CONVULSIVE LEAP.. THEN SHUDDERS TO A HALT...

BARNIL SHIPS SWOOP DOWN.. TO FIND LORA CALMLY WAITING...

AS SUDDENLY AS IT CAME, WAR'S MADNESS VANISHES..

WE'LL HELP YOU TO REBUILD!

FINE! BUT WE KNOW NOW THAT YOU OF HOLG WERE NOT TO BLAME!

LORA.. AM I FREE?

YES, DAD! THEY DISCOVERED ALL ABOUT THE MAN CALLED DREW. COME HOME AND LET ME TELL YOU!

TURN, O' MARS, TO THE SPACE WRECKERS—THEIR VILE PLOTS MAY BE OF SOME USE TO USE TO YOU IN THE NEXT.. PLANET COMICS!

NORGE BENSON

by Olaf Bjorn

AT PLUTO SPACEPORT, NORGE RECEIVES HIS LATEST PRESENT TO HIMSELF.. A NEW SMALL ROCKET SHIP..

OH GEE.. IT'S A HONEY!

F.O.B. PLUTROIT

JOLIE AND FROSTING ARE INTERESTED THOUGH USELESS BYSTANDERS..

I DON'T SEE WHAT..

GALS DON'T UNDERSTAND THOSE THINGS!

HMM.. THERE'S A NICE LITTLE BUTTON I'M GONNA PRESS!

AND THEY'RE OFF!

FROSTING! WHY'D YOU DO THAT.. CALLING SPACEPORT.. SPACEPORT.. GIVE US BEARINGS!

BUT.. THE SPACEPORT RADIO-ROOM IS MOMENTARILY UNATTENDED..

OUT FOR COFFEE!

PLEASE DON'T WAIT... Sparka.

MEANWHILE ON AN ASTEROID TWO THOUSAND ATMOS-METERS AWAY, TWO MEN HAVE JUST DONE MURDER!

NICE OF NILS TO FIND THE TREASURE HERE AFTER WE CRASHED..

BUT THREE'S A CROWD, EH, LARS?

SO'S TWO!

WE MIGHT BUILD A JOB WITH THE PIECES FROM OUR SHIP, KNUT...

A ONE-MAN JOB!

COULD BE, LARS!

THE ONE WHO LEAVES HERE ALIVE OWNS ALL THE TREASURE OF THIS LOST ASTEROID..

SUDDENLY_ STATIC FROM THE WRECKAGE...

SA-A-AY! THE PLANI-RADIO STILL WORKS! SOMEBODY'S LOST UP THERE!

HELP! GIVE US LANDING DIRECTIONS!

NORGE! DO YOU GET AN ANSWER?

FOR JUPITER'S SAKE, LAND SOMEPLACE.. ANYPLACE! I'M GETTIN' PLANI-PAINS ALL OVER!

OOPS! SOMEBODY GOT OUR S.O.S.! DON'T KNOW WHO, BUT THEY'RE GIVING US DIRECTIONS!

BEAR OFF THREE DEGREES AND WATCH OUT FOR LOW GRAVITY POCKET...

LANDING LIGHTLY ON ROUGH COSMIC CEMENT, NORGE STEPS OUT ONTO AN ARRID PEAKED PLANET..

THANK GOODNESS! WE'RE SAFE NOW!

HMM.. KIDS! WE CAN GET RID OF THEM AND TAKE THEIR SHIP!

SKOAL! WE FRY BEAR STEAK TONIGHT!

WHERE ARE WE, PLEASE?

YEAH?

SUDDENLY LIGHT IS BLOTTED OUT BY A FLIGHT OF SCREECHING KAWS OUT OF THE ASTRAL VOID!

THEY DIVE FOR THEIR PREY, BUT NORGE, JOLIE, FROSTING AND THE TWO MEN RUSH TO SHELTER...

WHEW! THEY'RE GONE NOW!

YEAH?

YEAH?

THOSE TWO HID IN A CAVE. LET'S SEE IF THEY'RE OKAY!

I DON'T LIKE 'EM.. AN' I DON'T SEE WHAT NORGE HASTA BE SUCH A GOOD EGG FOR!

AND..

OH!

HEY! WHAT?..

WE'RE TAKIN' THE SHIP, BUB!

NORGE! DO SOME-THING!

DROP THAT GUN!

OOF!

TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE VILLAINS RETREAT.. NORGE HURLS A CLUB AT KNUT..

PLEASANT DREAMS, HMM?

BUT THE CLUB IS A BOOMERANG THAT NEARLY SLICES OFF NORGE'S EAR AS IT WHIRLS BACK..

HEY! IT'S GONNA.. UFF!

OOPS!

HA! HA!

JUST THEN, THE KAWS WING BACK, AFTER A DISCOURAGING SEARCH FOR PREY...

LIE STILL! PLAY DEAD!

OH DEAR!

WOE IS ME!

A KAW SWOOPS TO SNATCH FROSTING IN HIS STEELY BILL!

HELP!

JOLIE! WHERE'S KNUT'S RAY-GUN?

HERE! QUICK, NORGE, BEFORE FROSTING IS EATEN!

WHAT IF I HIT FROSTING?

THANKS, PAL! NICE SHOT!

NORGE, WHERE'D YOU GET THE FUR HAT.. OH, IT'S FROSTING!

SO I SEE.. OUCH!

THE NEXT MOMENT...

NORGE!.. HELP!

I CAN'T SHOOT THE BIRD, OR JOLIE WILL BE KILLED BY THE FALL! MY ROCKET WILL DO... IF I CAN BEAT KNUT TO IT!!

HELP!

OH, DEAR! OH DEAR.. WHY'D WE EVER COME HERE!

NORGE SETS HIS ROCKET STREAKING AFTER THE KAW...

GIVE ME YOUR HAND! I CAN SHOOT THE BIRD AT CLOSE RANGE!

QUICK.. HIS BEAK.. IS CRUSHING ME!

THERE! THAT DOES IT!

OH.H.M, NORGE!

MADDENED BY THEIR FAILURE TO GET FOOD, THE KAWS DIVE ON LARS AND KNUT.. WHO HAVE NO ESCAPE...

EEAH!

HELP! NO! NO!

THEY ASKED FOR IT! WELL, NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND OUR WAY BACK HOME..AND THEN BACK HERE AGAIN WITH A BIGGER SHIP TO PICK UP THE TREASURE!

RIGHT, NORGE! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF THOSE KAWS!

PLANNIN' TROUBLE ALREADY.. INCLUDE ME OUT!..

NORGE FOLLOWS THE SLIPPERY SKY-LANES TO ANOTHER ADVENTURE IN.. PLANET COMICS!

LIFE ON VENUS?

By Montague Truex, Ph.D.

DO you like to swim?

Do you like to feel the coolness of blue water swirling about your body as you lazily swim in the golden sunlight of a Summer afternoon?

Yes?

Then you should be a Venusian—for he lives in water, never leaving except for brief moments, for he *drowns* in the air.

Oh yes, he drowns.

He's a funny sort of creature, somewhat like the mermen the sailors of Earth's seas used to describe after long voyages on their fragile ships. He is a paradox, for he is a mammal and a reptile; the babies hatched from eggs, and later being suckled. He is a squirmy thin-scaled reptile in the first years of his life; then as growth draws him toward manhood, his scales grow hard and iridescent, and the mind, which differentiates him from mere animals, grows full and broad with acquired knowledge.

He swims, yes, he swims from birth, for that is his heritage from his aquatic ancestors. He darts through the cool depths of the liquid, which is his world, with a flashing grace, stroking in careless play at first, growing more skillful as the hours of his endless day go swinging past.

He lives in a silver sea, in water which sparkles from the phosphorescent sheen of minute organisms; and when he comes to the surface of his water-land, he finds the outer world a silvery haze from the reflected glow, an unearthly radiance which is stopped by the cloud-ceiling rolling eternally overhead, and reflected back to its source.

He doesn't like that outer world, for his gills gape dismally in the air, unable to extract the life-giving oxygen as they do from water. So he flirts water, and sinks to the depths which are to him as Earth is to you.

There are many of his kind, many mermen and merwomen and merchildren living far beneath the surface. They live in the grotto-caverns of the Venusian seas, their walls lighted by the phosphorescent life that clings to every exposed surface. They are a nation of workers, for each has his duties, and none is a shirker.

They have their schools, and their churches, and their homes and their communal places of storage for all things necessary to life. They are a peace-loving people, banded together for their common good, living in a land where death lurks in every crevice of the slimy ocean floor.

They have their valleys and their mountains, their spas and their playgrounds. True, they are not like those on Earth, but to them their pleasure spots are as adventurous as yours are to you.

They are people. They are born and die. They live and love and rear their families. They have their homes and their friends and their likes and dislikes.

They are monsters.

Oh yes, they are monsters. They are scaly, with webbed talons for hands. Their gill-covers flap slowly on their throats, and their milky eyes are lidless like those of a fish, staring glassily. They have teeth, but they are sharp and jagged like those of a shark, and their mouths gape eternally, for their lips are not flexible. They are omnivorous, and live on both fresh meat and the succulent water-vegetables of their world.

They have no legs, for they would be useless on a planet where walking is something unknown. The bones of their loose bodies form sinuous tails which produce the driving force that hurls them at break-neck speed through the clinging impeding water.

They are green, with the uncanny ability of the Earth chameleon to change body colors and mimic their surroundings, thus foiling the predatory monsters which swim the eternal seas.

Those monsters are terrible beasts, gaping mouths with scythe teeth always ready to rend and tear at the soft bodies of the Venusians, themselves so far down on the evolutionary scale that their brains are merely broadened sections of their nerve ganglia. With ripping claws, sucking tentacles, strangely-human arms, they lurk in the shadows of the sea, swooping in continual chase upon the weaker swimmers of the water.

But the Venusians have the advantage of intelligence. They have formed fighter brigades, armed with splinters of rock and crude spears of volcanic metals. With the trained precision of land soldiers, they clear the nearby waters of the enemy, then patrol the area so that the women and children may swim in peace.

To the Venusians the air is the sky, the roiling clouds a dome which encloses them for all time. They are not a scientific race, for they do not know the uses of fire or machinery. They have never discovered the principle of the wheel, for they have no use for one. They swim instead of ride, whenever they wish to travel. And because they have no scientists, they believe that they are alone,

their world the only one in existence.

They do not know there is space about their planet, for they have never seen the emptiness of the Void. They have never seen through the clouds, and consequently do not know that other planets lie in the blackness surrounding their world. The sight of the sun would be a miracle; and the unhindered rays of the sun and space would bring death to their unadapted body within seconds.

They have seen the amphibious creatures which live in the seas, have wondered at their ability to live upon the few floating islands of kelp and dirt and twining vines that dot the seas. They have even investigated those patches of embryonic land, staying out of water for several minutes, but finding nothing of interest to them whose lives are spent beneath tons of water weight. And, too, the true islands of mountain-tips thrust out of the sea are inaccessible, unexplorable places, much like the bottom of Earth's oceans are to Earthmen.

So they live their lives beneath the sea, their green bodies flashing through the phosphorescent water, satisfied that their way of existence is the only one.

They do not dream that writers have penned countless stories upon Earth about invasions of the monsters from Venus. They do not know what writers are, for they have no written language; in fact, their only tongue is a series of sibilant hissings and snapping clicks, which the water transmits clearly for hundreds of feet.

They are not monsters to themselves; they are simply people who live normal routines of existence. They would not attack Earth, even if they could. They have not the science to devise space ships with which to cross the Void, and their weapons are primitive in nature, fully useful to fight the creatures of their world, but woefully inadequate to cope with the guns and cannons and blades of Earth's defenders.

Should we, in future times, invade space on flaming rocket jets, should we pierce the eternal clouds that blanket Venus, we would be the monsters from outer space. We would be the horrible monstrosities with soft skin and lungs and arms and legs. We would be the barbaric race whose weapons were fantastically deadly.

We could hold but little intercourse with the Venusians, for they are reptilian water-people, while we are lunged mammals. Our thoughts, our emotions, our individual ways of existence would be a barrier that could never be crossed. They do not covet Earth, of which they have never heard; for even if they knew of its existence, they could not fly through space, and even if they could, Earth would be nothing but a death-trap, with its unknown diseases, fungi, germs, bacilli, and sea monsters.

And we, in turn, could by no stretch of the imagination desire to conquer Venus. There we would find nothing but a water-world, a few islands floating on the seas, the barren islands nothing but rock and scrubby bushes.

In all probability, we would never see the inhabitants of the planet, for we could not penetrate the water; and except for an exploratory trip, would, in all likelihood, never return again.

No, as before stated, there is a racial barrier between the people of Earth and Venus which can never be crossed—as long as the two peoples live in different mediums.

But, even as evolution came on Earth, so must it come on Venus. Already sports, atavisms, have been born, their rudimentary lungs showing that a new strain of their race is evolving. Hundreds of thousands of years will pass before Venusians live upon the land which is slowly being vomited above the seas' surfaces by volcanic action. And even then, they will still be a water people, their living dependent upon the seas that gave them birth, their sky still the air and clouds. Of themselves, they will never know that space and other worlds exist; they will think themselves alone. They will be content, for they will have no dreams of empire. There will be no master races nor no minor races, for they are of one kind, their blood line going back to a common causation.

So they will swim and play, and live and love; they will fight common enemies, and be drawn closer as the centuries go by. They will be people to themselves, and monsters to the races of the other worlds. Theirs will be an idyllic existence without hate and greed and intolerance.

They will be much like you, and you, and you.

With one difference.

They will not want to walk on land.

And didn't you say that you would like to swim?

Not that well, eh! Well, you are an Earthman, and the other is a Venusian. Your tastes are as different as your bodies and ways of living. You are both people—and your future is your own.

Tonight, when the moon glides through the heavens, step out of doors, and take a look at the gleaming green dot which is Venus. Remember the things you have read here. Can you picture the water-world of Venus, can you see the swimming people who populate its seas?

Some day, some day soon, perhaps —

Maybe you will be one of the first to reach the stars and find the men and women and children of those far worlds

GALE ALLEN

Douglas McKee

and the GIRL SQUADRON

GALE HATED TO TAKE THIS TRIP.. SO DULL, SO FAR FROM THE ADVENTURE-LADEN TRAILS HER SQUADRON USUALLY TROD.. BUT WHAT WAS THAT SLIMY NEW TERROR SUDDENLY SWIRLING OUT OF THE VOID..?

GALE, MUST WE DO THIS? SEEMS SOMEHOW LIKE OLD MEN'S WORK!

SORRY, DARLING, BUT SOMEBODY HAS TO CHECK THE GALACTIC BEACONS, YOU KNOW..

AND SOON THEY REACH THE FIRST OF THE RADIO-POSITIONED LIGHTS MARKING THE OUTER SPACE LANDS..

THE GALACTIC BEACON IS HAULED ABOARD AND MAGNETICALLY TESTED..

RHEOSTATS OKAY, GALE?

YES, ALL INDICATORS POSITIVE PLUS!

BETTER REALIGN THE DECCA FILAMENTS, THOUGH--

GALE— LOOK! WHAT IN SPACE IS THAT?

HEAVENS! HUGE BUTTERFLY WINGS --AND SKULLS!

..BUT WHAT ARE ALL THESE HORRIBLE THINGS DOING OUT IN SPACE, GALE?

I-I DON'T KNOW.. WE'LL HAVE TO REPORT THIS..MAYBE THEY CAN EXPLAIN BACK HOME..

THEN AN EVEN STRANGER SIGHT LOOMS OUT OF THE EMPTY NIGHT AHEAD..

TWIN PLANETS! PILOT, STEER BETWEEN THEM- WE'LL SEE THEM BOTH AT ONCE THAT WAY!

AYE, AYE, GALE!

SUDDENLY, THE SHIP YAWS WILDLY.. AND LURCHES TO A STOP.. IN SPACE..

GALE.. WHAT'S HAPPENED?

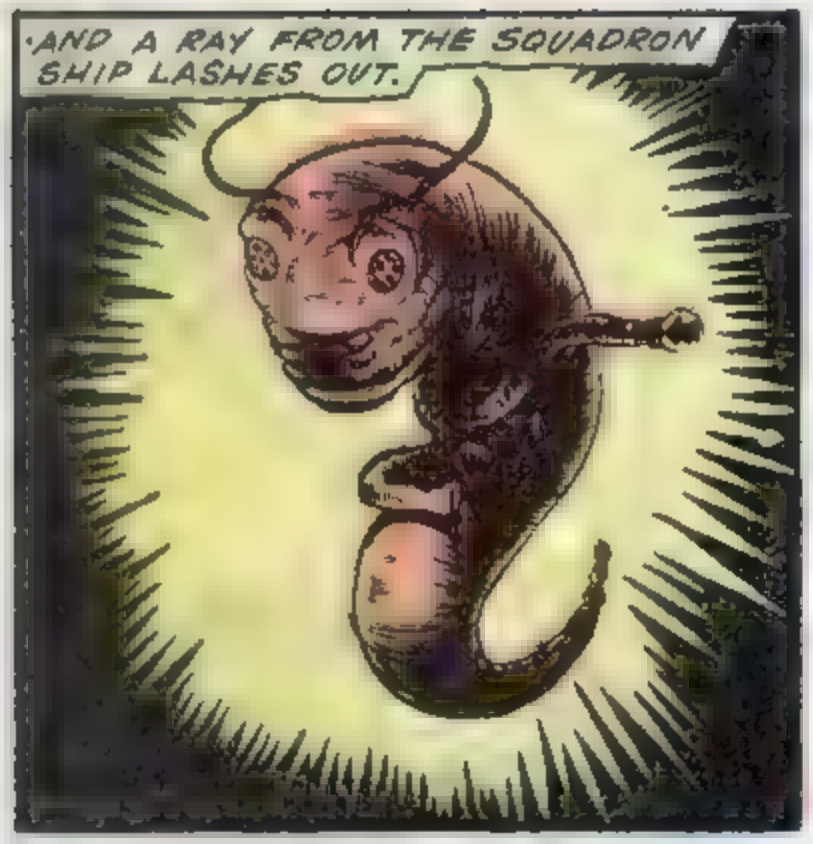
I CAN'T TELL..YET!

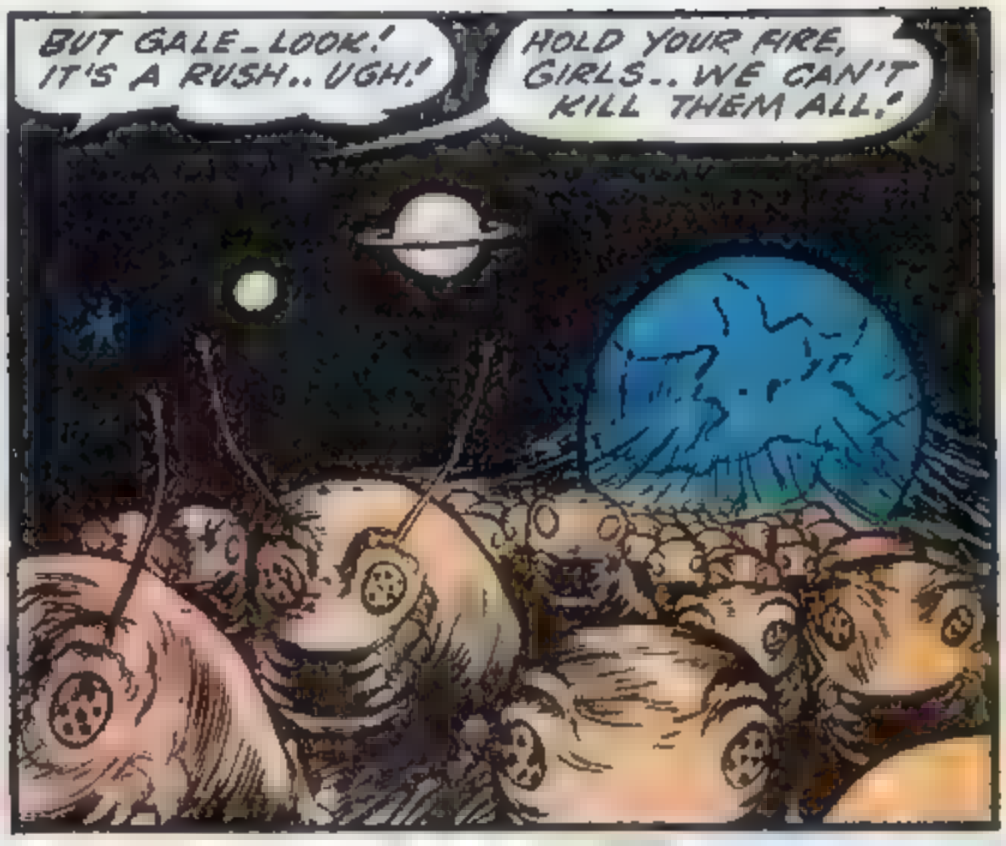
A WEB OF ALMOST INVISIBLE STRANDS HANGS BETWEEN THE TWO PLANETS..

THERE'S ANOTHER SHIP CAUGHT IN THE WEB, GALE!

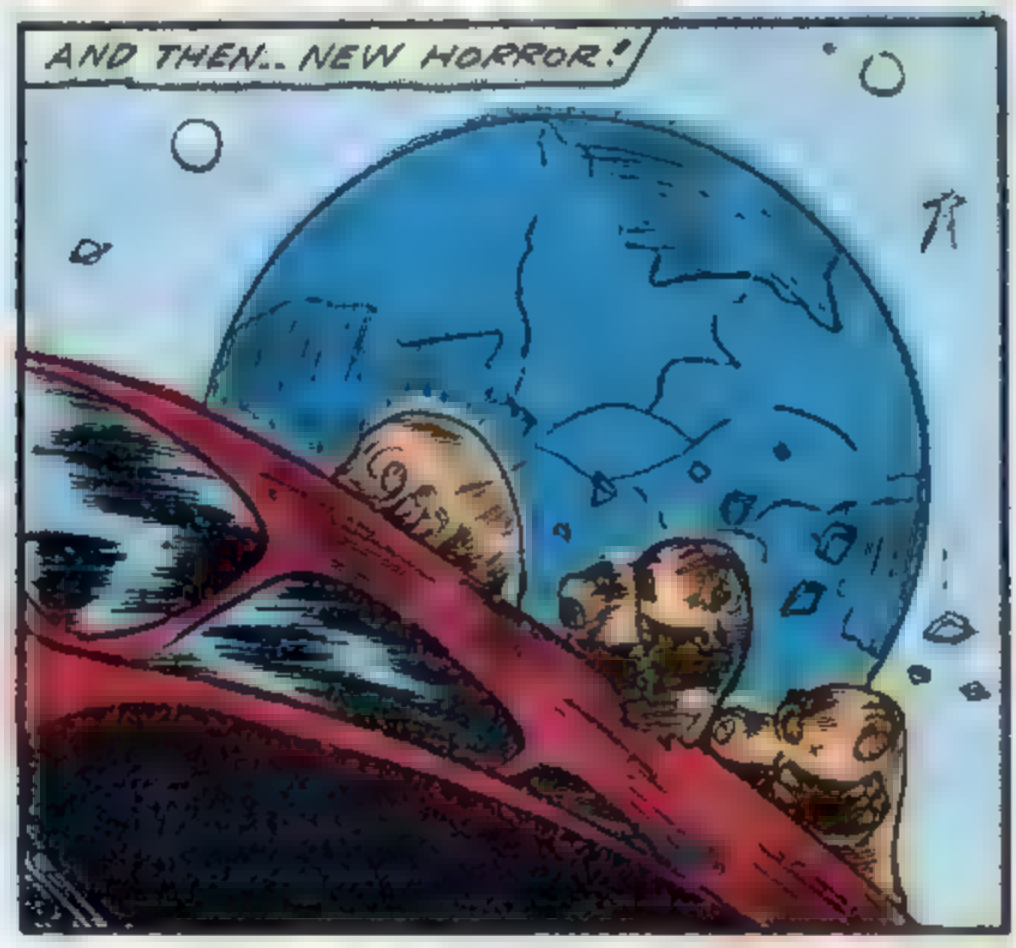
LOOK TO YOUR GUNS, GIRLS! HERE COMES.. I DON'T KNOW WHAT!

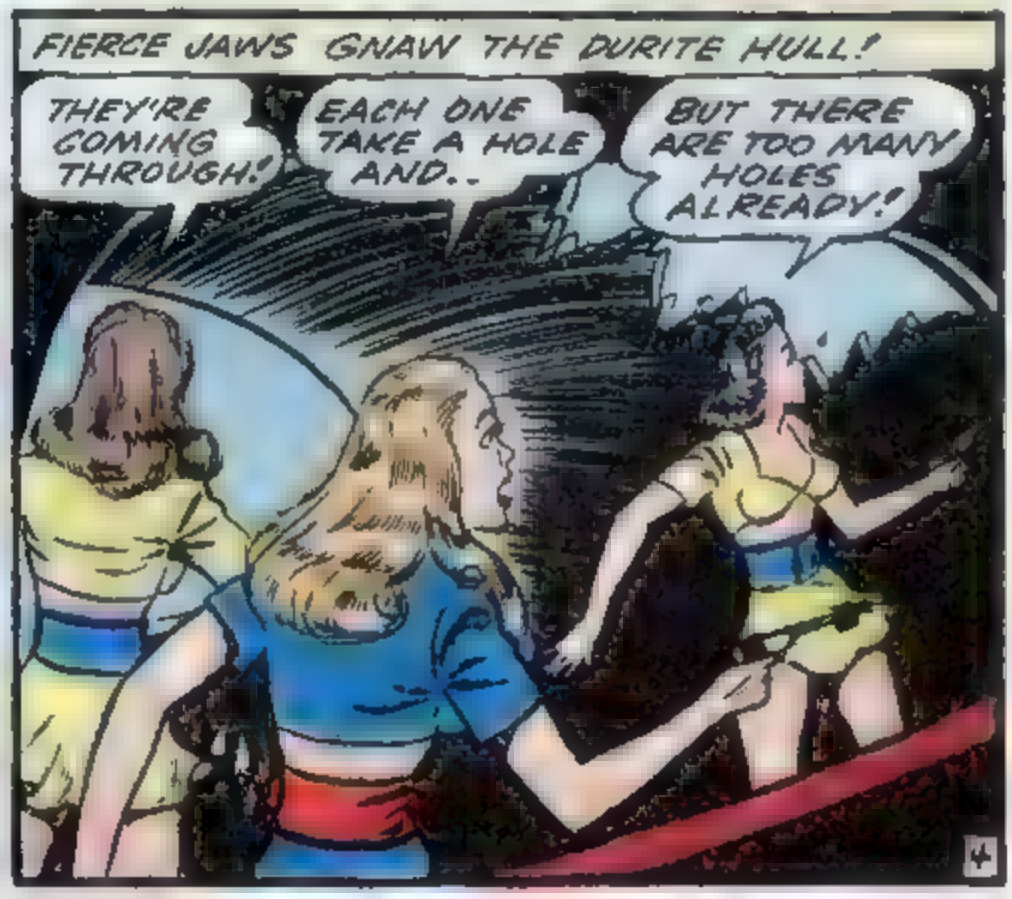
A CLOSER LOOK- AND GALE KNOWS THE INTENTIONS OF THE EVIL THINGS CRAWLING CLOSER.. CLOSER..


AND A RAY FROM THE SQUADRON SHIP LASHES OUT.


BUT GALE_LOOK! IT'S A RUSH.. UGH!
HOLD YOUR FIRE, GIRLS.. WE CAN'T KILL THEM ALL!

THEY'RE ALL OVER THE SHIP NOW.. LET'S SIT TIGHT AND SEE!


AND THEN.. NEW HORROR!


FIERCE JAWS GNAW THE DURITE HULL!
THEY'RE COMING THROUGH!
EACH ONE TAKE A HOLE AND..
BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY HOLES ALREADY!

CHINS UP, GIRLS! THEY HAVEN'T EATEN US YET!

OH, GALE!

..AND IT SEEMS THEY'RE NOT GOING TO! BUT THEN.. WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

HOLD TIGHT, GIRLS! HERE COMES THE EXPLANATION.. WE'RE BAIT..

SOON ALL OF GALE'S SQUADRON ARE TIED.. AND THE SLUG-LIKE MONSTERS HAVE OOZED AWAY..

GALE! ARE THEY COMING BACK TO EAT US LATER?

...FOR A WEIRD RACE OF BUTTERFLY MEN!

THEY SWOOP DOWN, AND THEN PAUSE, HOVERING.. EYEING THE GIRLS MALIGNANTLY..

THEY ARE THE ONES WHO WILL EAT US!

YET AT LEAST THEY RESEMBLE HUMANS! I WONDER IF THEY'D UNDERSTAND..

GALE PLEADS WITH THE STRANGE CREATURES..

WHY ATTACK US? WE ARE LIKE YOU.. THE SLUGS ARE USING US TO CATCH YOU!

IN ANSWER, A BUTTERFLY-WINGED DEVIL DARTS DOWN, FANGS BARED TO STRIKE!

OH, PLEASE DON'T!

DESPERATELY, GALE WRENCHES A HAND FREE FOR HER GUN!

GIRLS! GO FOR YOUR GUNS.. AND FIGHT!

WE'RE OUT IN THE OPEN! BURN YOURSELVES FREE!

AND THEN BLAST YOUR WAY THROUGH THIS WEB TO THAT OTHER SHIP! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE.. THE SQUADRON SHIP IS RUINED!

QUICK.. WE'LL HOLD OFF THE SLUGS!

IF ONLY THE SHIP WILL GO!

AND..IT DOES! ITS ROCKET BLASTS TEAR IT FROM THE WEB.. AND THE JAWS OF THE SLUGS!..

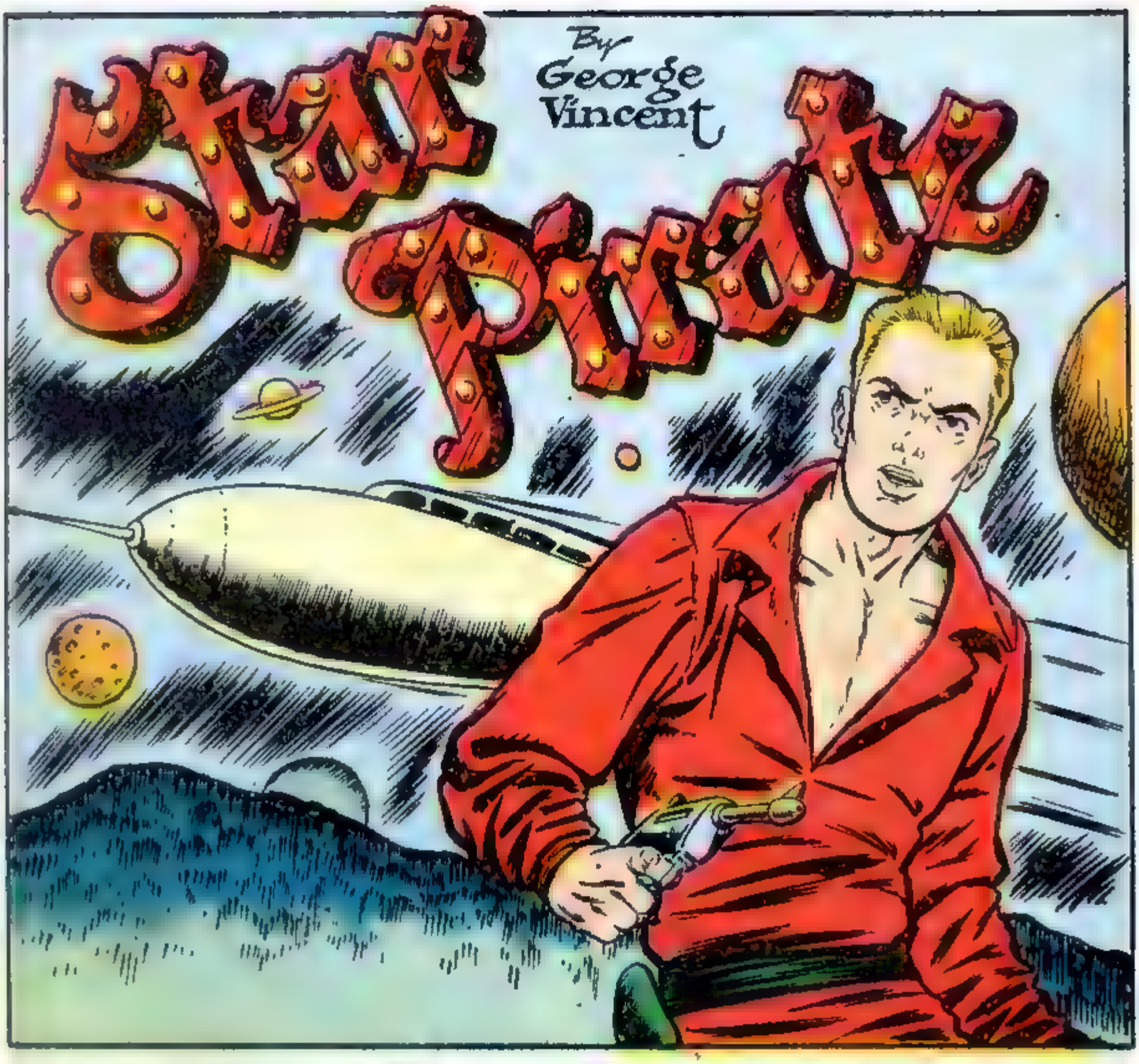
WE'RE RID OF THEM, GALE.. WE'RE RID OF THEM!

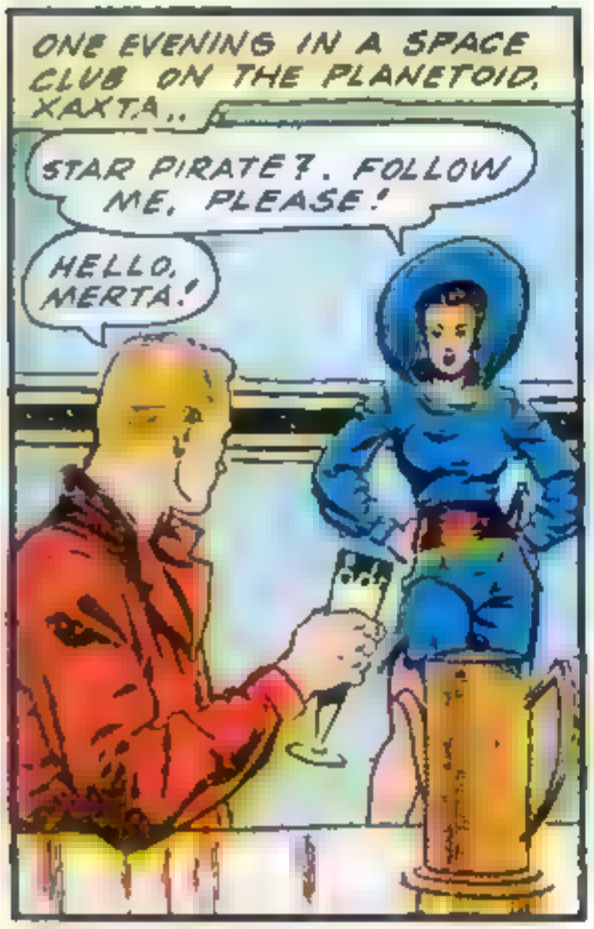
...AND WE'LL COME BACK IN FORCE TO CLEAN OUT THAT NEST OF HORROR!

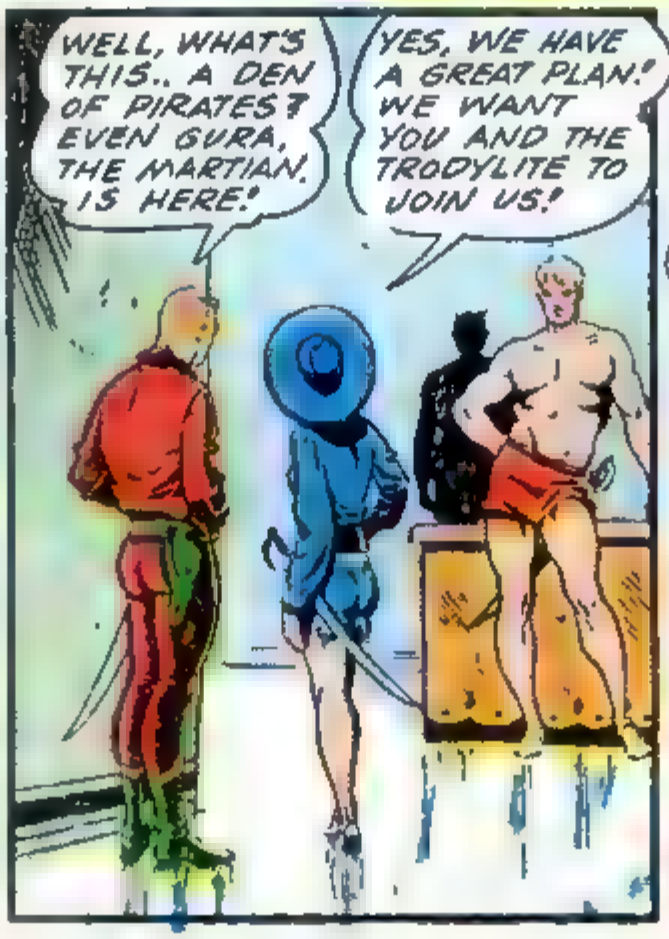
GALE DRIVES A NEW SQUADRON SHIP THROUGH GREATER PERILS IN THE NEXT PLANET COMICS!

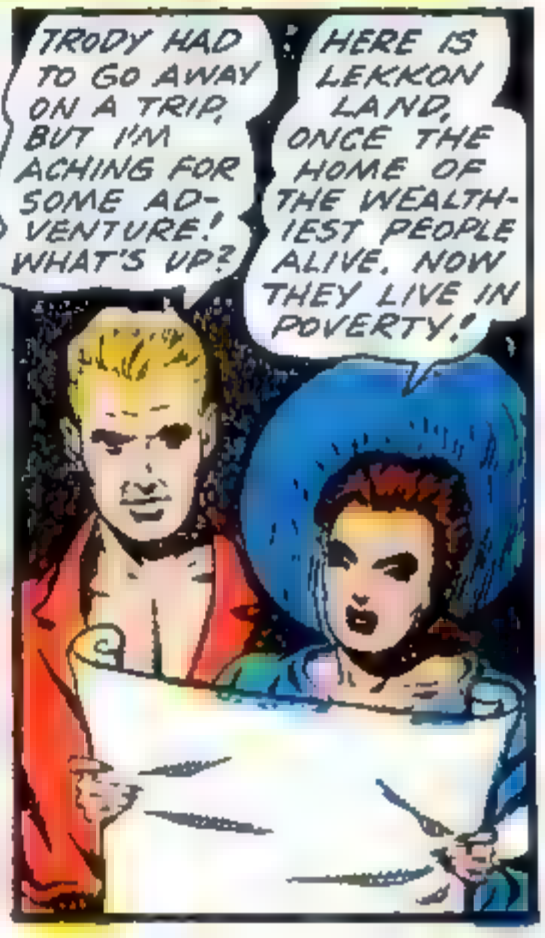
Star Pirate

By George Vincent






WELL, WHAT'S THIS.. A DEN OF PIRATES? EVEN GURA, THE MARTIAN, IS HERE!
YES, WE HAVE A GREAT PLAN! WE WANT YOU AND THE TRODYLITE TO JOIN US!


TRODY HAD TO GO AWAY ON A TRIP, BUT I'M ACHING FOR SOME ADVENTURE! WHAT'S UP?
HERE IS LEKKON LAND, ONCE THE HOME OF THE WEALTHIEST PEOPLE ALIVE. NOW THEY LIVE IN POVERTY!

THIS MAP SHOWS THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS, WHERE, ACCORDING TO CUSTOM, THEY BURIED UNTOLD WEALTH WITH THEIR DEAD! THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING, STAR!

LEAVE ME OUT OF THIS, MERTA! THAT WOULD MEAN MASS SLAUGHTER OF THE LEKKONS, AND THEY'VE NEVER HARMED ANYONE!

SOFT HEARTED ALL OF A SUDDEN, EH? AND YOU REMEMBER THAT THESE PEOPLE'RE WELL PROTECTED BY SPECIAL LAW?.. AND YOU KNOW TOO MUCH TO BACK OUT NOW AND STILL LIVE. WHICH WILL IT BE?

NO DICE, MERTA! YOU CAN'T SCARE ME INTO ANYTHING!

BUT.. FROM BEHIND..

NICE SLUGGING, MAKKO! GURA, YOU GET RID OF HIM WHILE I WARM UP THE SPACE SHIP!

HOURS LATER.. STAR COMES TO IN GURA'S SHIP..

STEADY, STAR! MERTA GAVE ME ORDERS TO KILL YOU, BUT I STOWED YOU ALONG INSTEAD!

I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRED YOUR WORK, SO I'M GIVING YOU A BREAK!

AS THEY NEAR LEKKON LAND..

TRY THIS SPACE-SUIT FOR SIZE, STAR!

NOW YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN! GOOD LUCK!

THANKS, GURA!

THE SPACE LOCK OPENS... AND STAR IS CATAPULTED FROM THE SHIP...

THE GREEKS HAD A VOID FOR THIS!

GRADUALLY, HE SAILS ONTO THE PLANETOID..

CAN'T SEE ANYONE AROUND!

TRACKS! MERTA AND HER GANG MUST HAVE LANDED ALREADY!

A LONG TREK OVER WASTELAND... AND THEN...

WHY, THIS IS THE VALLEY OF TOMBS THAT MERTA WAS TALKING ABOUT!

AS HE GOES NEARER..

THERE ARE SOME OF THE NATIVES NOW! THESE CAVES MUST BE THEIR HOMES!

SUDDENLY

HOLD IT, FELLA! I DIDN'T COME HERE FOR TROUBLE!

SO YOU WON'T LISTEN TO REASON, EH!

GUESS THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO STOP YOU!

THE BLOW LANDS...

AND..

NOW LISTEN! I DIDN'T COME TO MAKE TROUBLE. I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR CHIEF. I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL HIM.

THEN..

COME! FOLLOW ME! ME TAKE YOU TO HIM!

GOOD!

SOON THEY COME TO A LARGE CAIRN ATOP THE HIGHEST HILL..

THIS CHIEF'S PLACE!

INSIDE..

I'VE COME TO WARN YOU, CHIEF THAT PIRATES HAVE LANDED HERE, AND ARE PLANNING TO ROB YOUR TOMBS! BETTER GET SOME MEN TOGETHER TO STOP THEM!

WHY YOU TELL THESE LIES TO FOOL CHIEF? WE CAPTURE YOU!

BUT I TELL YOU..

A SCREAM! HEAR THAT? THEY MUST BE AT THE TOMBS ALREADY!

TASSO, CALL MY WARRIORS TOGETHER!

YES, CHIEF!

MEANWHILE-MERTA AND HER CUT-THROATS ENTER THE TOMBS...

HERE'S THE WEALTH I PROMISED YOU! NOW, AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU ALL WEREN'T AS STUPID AS STAR PIRATE?.. WE CAN LIVE THE REST OF OUR LIVES ON THIS TAKE!.. AND IT'S SO EASY!

OUTSIDE, STAR AND THE LEKKON WARRIORS ARRIVE...

THEY'VE KILLED RODDO, THE GUARD!

THEY'LL ALL DIE FOR THIS!

THEN... AFTER THE INTRUDERS WITH REVENGE-CRAZED FURY.

GET YOUR RAY-GUNS READY, MEN.. HERE COME THE NATIVES!

WITHIN THE DANK DARK ROOMS OF THE TOMBS, THE FIERCE BATTLE BEGINS..

SUDDENLY..

THERE'S GURA, TRAPPED BY TWO LEKKONS!.. HERE'S WHERE I REPAY HIM FOR SAVING MY LIFE!

WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED...

THAT TAKES CARE OF ONE OF THEM!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, GURA!.. THOSE LEKKONS SAW ME KILL ONE OF THEIR MEN!

ONCE OUTSIDE, STAR TURNS ON THE PURSUERS...

AND ONE POWERFUL RAY TOPPLES THE ANCIENT STRUCTURE, BURYING THE LIVING WITH THE LONG DEAD..

THE REMAINING LEKKONS GO BLOOD-MAD AT THIS HORRIBLE SIGHT..

KILL THEM.. KILL..KILL!

THEY NO GET AWAY!

BUT..

GET THE MOTOR GOING, GURA, I'LL KEEP 'EM OFF!

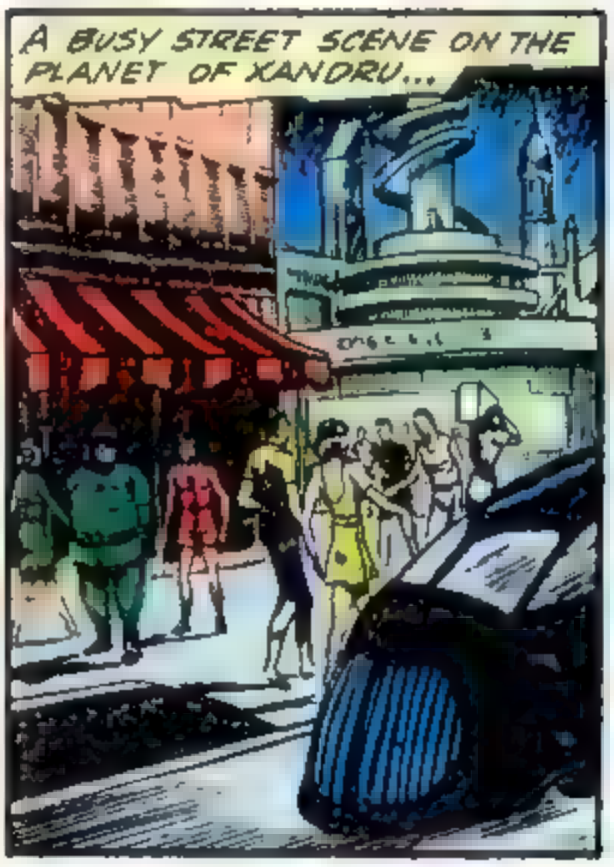
YOU KNOW, STAR PIRATE, I'VE BEEN THINKING!.. WE TWO MAKE A SWELL TEAM!

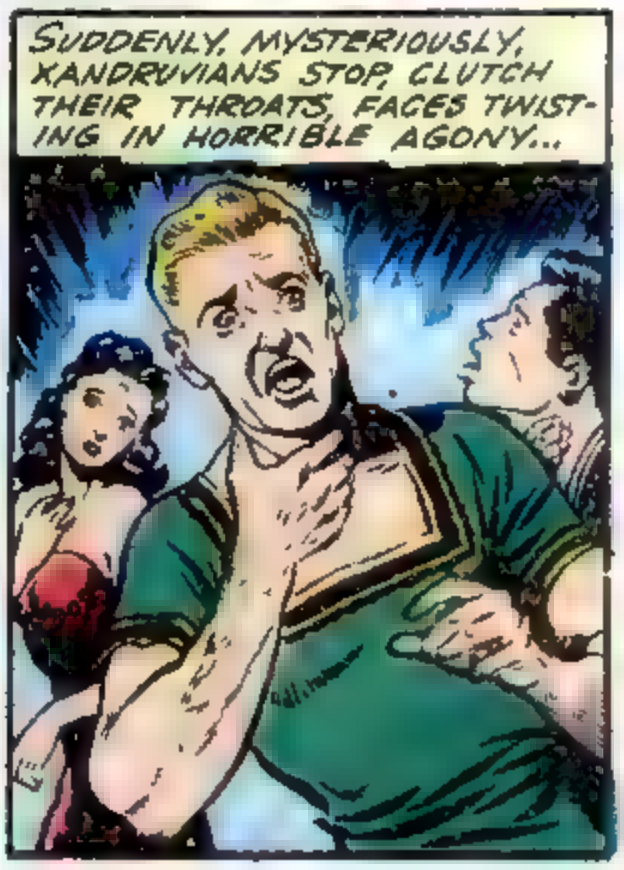
YOU MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING THERE, GURA!

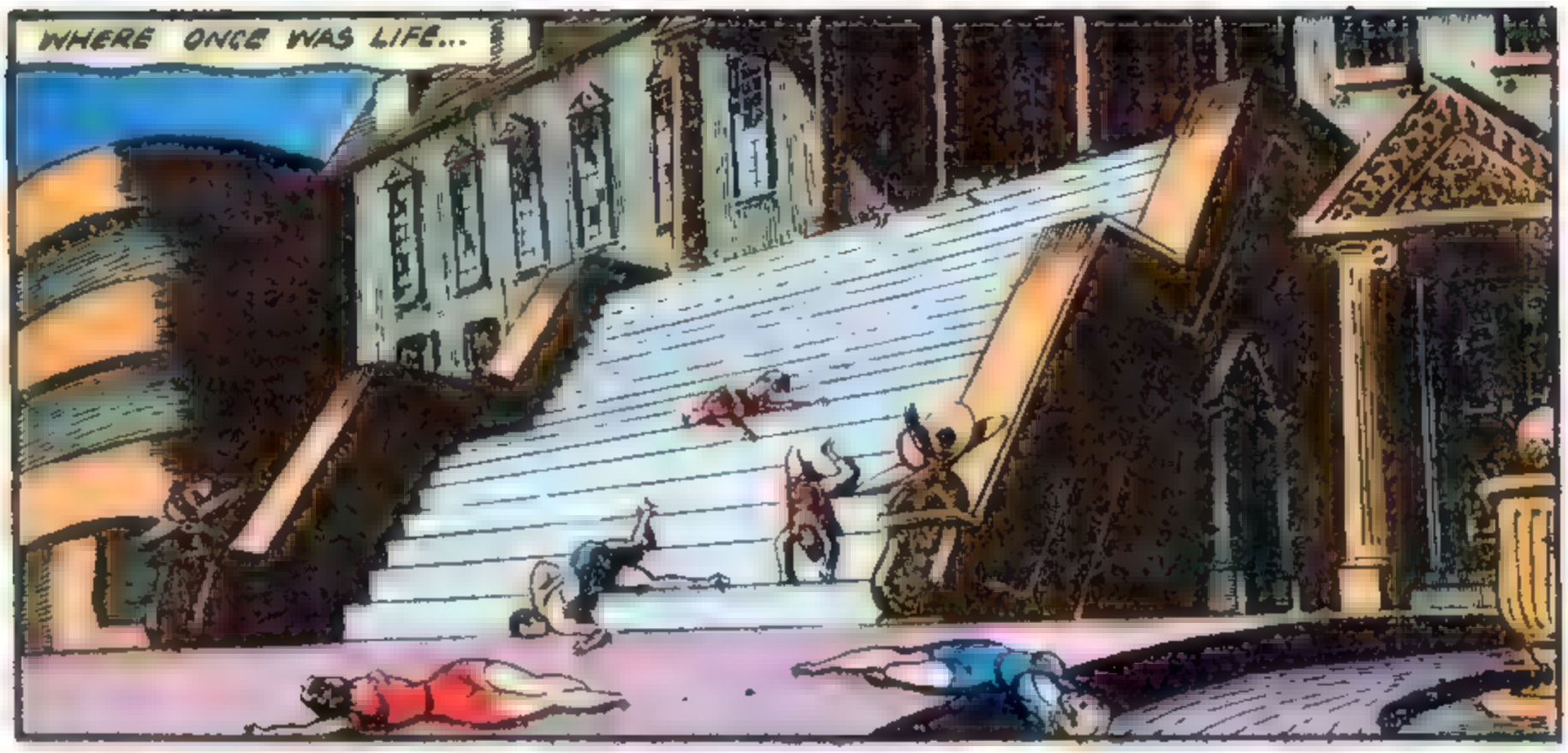
WATCH FOR STAR AND HIS NEW PAL IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF... PLANET COMICS!

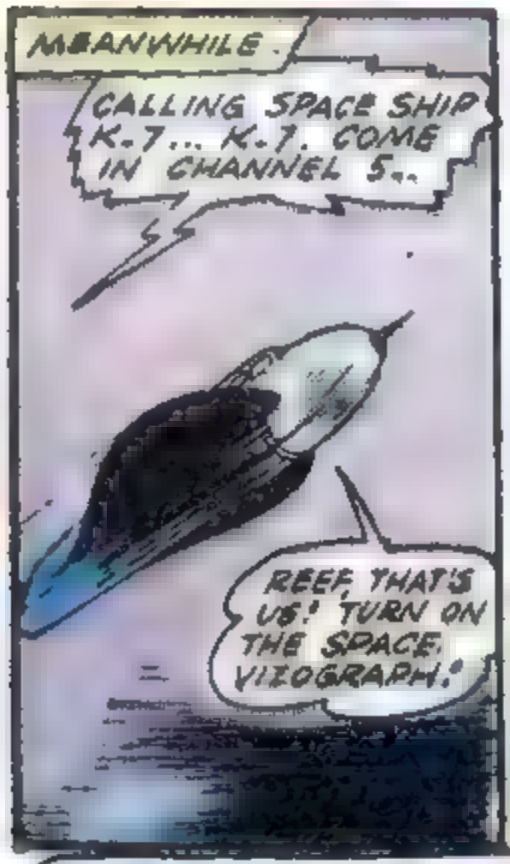
FLINT BAKER and REEF RYAN
SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH FITZHUGH





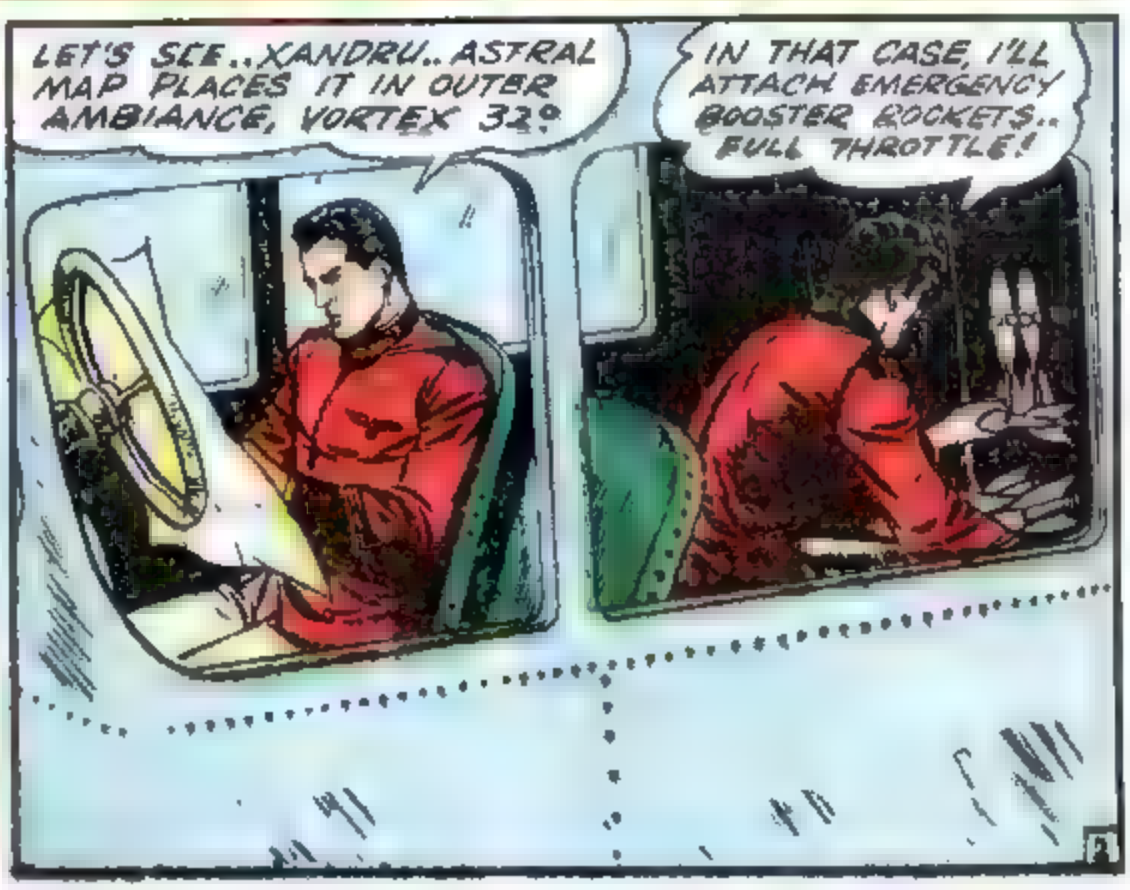

WHERE ONCE WAS LIFE...

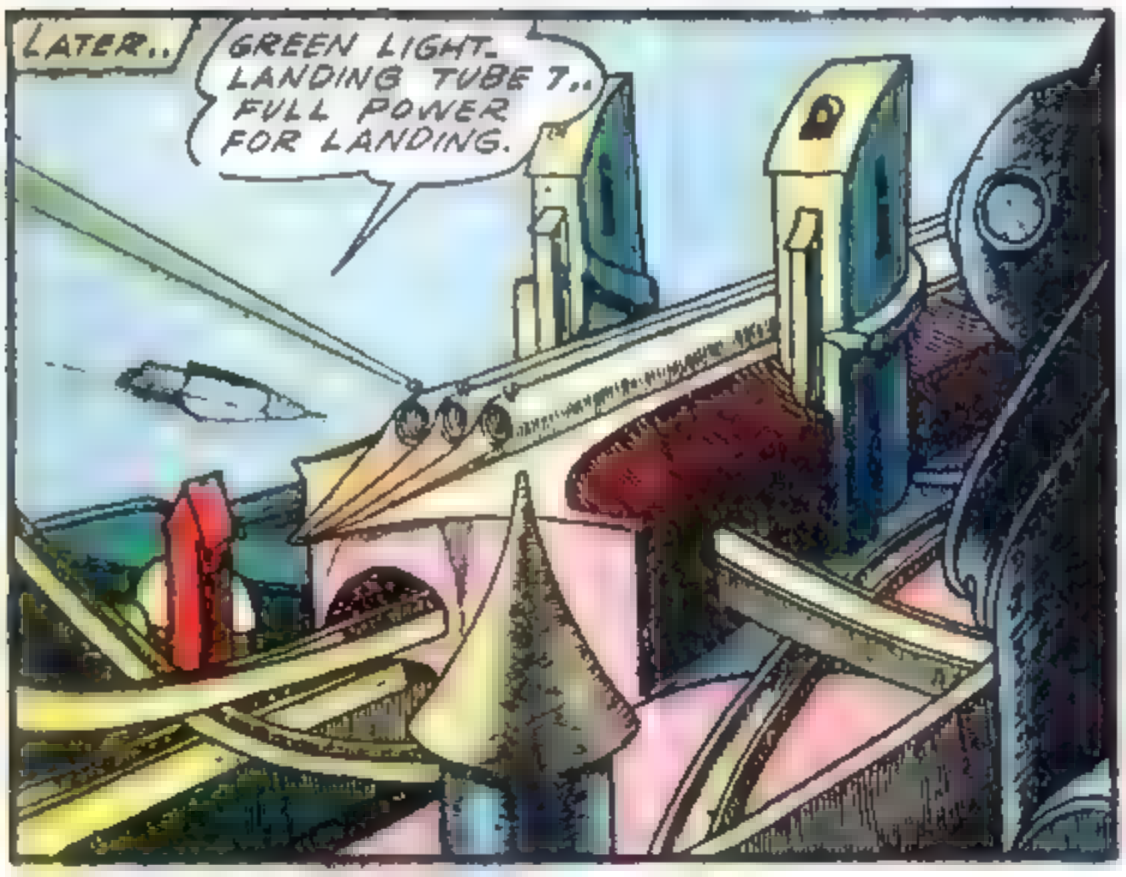

MEANWHILE..
CALLING SPACE SHIP K-7... K-7. COME IN CHANNEL 5..
REEF, THAT'S US! TURN ON THE SPACE VIZOGRAPH!

RIGHT WITH YOU, FLINT. CHANNEL 5, THATS THE EARTH VICEROY, ISN'T IT?
YEH, SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG!

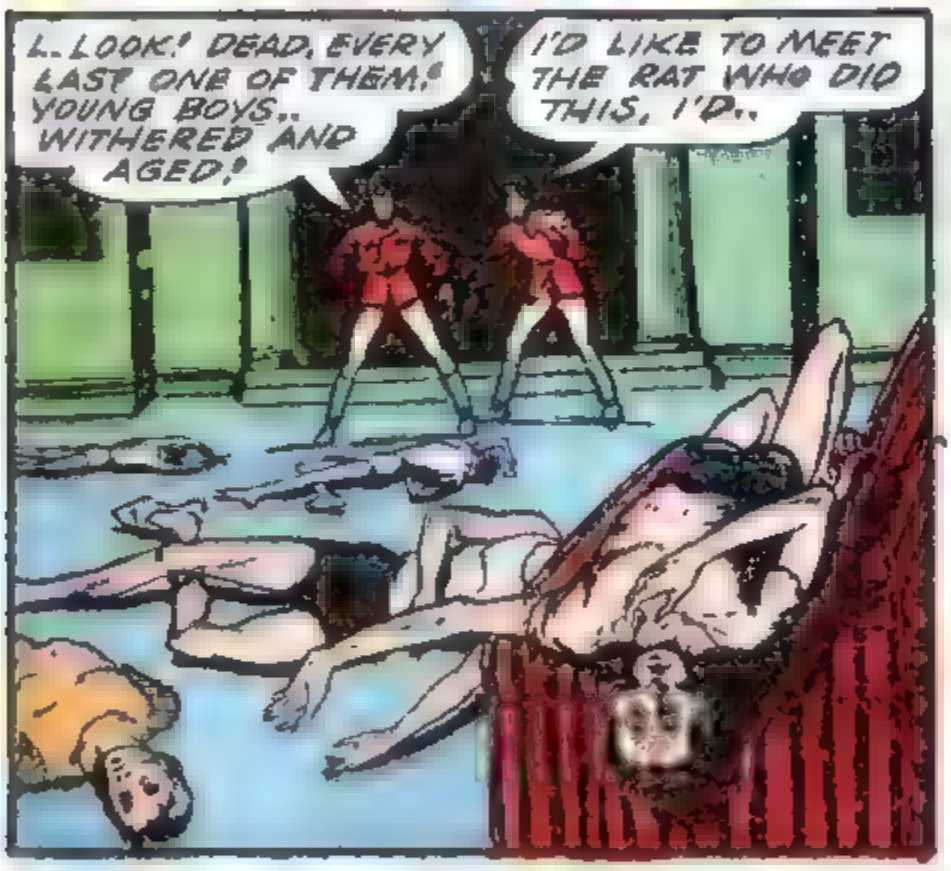
THE SWITCH CLICKS, AND THROUGH THOUSANDS OF MILES..
IT. IT'S XANDRU! ALL COMMUNICATIONS CEASED.. ONLY YESTERDAY I TALKED TO THE XANDRUVIAN LEADER AND HE MENTIONED SOME ASTRAL PROJECTION..

THIS PROJECTION THREATENED DEATH UNLESS ALL MONAMIUM METAL WAS TURNED OVER.. AND NOW I CAN'T CONTACT THE PLANET! PROCEED THERE IMMEDIATELY!


LET'S SEE.. XANDRU.. ASTRAL MAP PLACES IT IN OUTER AMBIANCE, VORTEX 32°
IN THAT CASE, I'LL ATTACH EMERGENCY BOOSTER ROCKETS.. FULL THROTTLE!


LATER..
GREEN LIGHT. LANDING TUBE 7.. FULL POWER FOR LANDING.

SOMETHING IS WRONG! THIS IS A DEAD CITY! C'MON, WE'LL FIND THE WAITING ROOM.. OUGHTA BE SOME LIFE THERE!


L..LOOK! DEAD, EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM! YOUNG BOYS.. WITHERED AND AGED!
I'D LIKE TO MEET THE RAT WHO DID THIS, I'D..

SUDDENLY..
YOUR WISH IS GRANTED, I AM LOTURA...THE ONE WHO KILLED THESE PEOPLE.
ASTRAL PROJECTION! THAT'S WHAT THE VICEROY MENTIONED!

YEH, BUT THAT SHE-DEVIL WILL FEEL THIS DOSE OF RAY..HEY, NOTHIN' HAPPENS!.. RAY GOES RIGHT THROUGH HER!

FOOLS! I AM BEYOND REACH OF MORTAL MAN IN THIS FORM! NOW WHEN I PRESS THIS BUTTON, YOU WILL DROP YOUR SPACE GUNS AND FOLLOW MY ORDERS!
3

AS THE PROJECTION VANISHES..

GOOD! TO YOUR SPACE-SHIPS. I WILL PLOT YOUR COURSE!

LATER, ON LOTURA'S HIDDEN PLANET..

THEY COME! WITH THEIR HELP, MY EMPIRE SHALL BE COMPLETE!

AUTOMATICALLY, THE SPACE RANGERS LAND.

IN THEIR PRESENT HYPNOTIC STATE THEY ARE UNABLE TO FULLY APPRECIATE MY POWER.. IT IS BEST I BRING THEM BACK TO NORMAL!

MY-MY HEAD.. WHIRLING AROUND!

W-WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE ON AZRA, SPACE RANGERS. I AM THE ASTRAL PROJECTION YOU TRIED TO KILL.. ONLY NOW IN THE FLESH! TRY TO ESCAPE.. AND THE IRON JAW MEN WILL KILL YOU!

CLOSELY GUARDED, FLINT AND REEF ARE FORCED TOWARD A HUGE FURNACE ROOM..

NOW WATCH.. THIS SMALL RAY BOX CONTROLS THEM, AS IT PREVIOUSLY CONTROLLED YOU! IRON JAW NUMBER 7 WILL WALK INTO THAT FURNACE AND BURN TO DEATH!

FLINT, LOOK, HE... HE'S JUST STANDING THERE ON THE HOT COALS!

AND THE FLAMES ARE STARTING TO SEAR HIS FLESH... THIS IS CRAZY!

WITHIN SECONDS, ALL THAT REMAINS IS A CHARRED SKELETON...

I NEED YOU TO COLLECT MONAMIUM ORE FOR MY METAL MONSTERS... IF YOU REFUSE, YOU WILL BE... LIKE HIM! NOW, TO THE COSMO CELL.. YOU'LL HAVE TEN MINUTES TO DECIDE!

WHAT A SPOT! INSTANT DEATH IF WE TOUCH THOSE RAYS! BUT WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS HOW SHE CONTROLS US WITH THAT BUTTON-BOX... THERE MUST BE SOME CONDUCTOR!

CONDUCTOR.. WAIT, I THINK I'VE HIT ON THE SOLUTION! BEND THAT NOGGIN' THIS WAY AND LISTEN!

MINUTES LATER..

LOTURA! WE'VE ALMOST MADE UP OUR MINDS TO JOIN YOU? BUT COULD WE SEE A LITTLE MORE?

YES, BUT ANY ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE AND I'LL PRESS THIS BUTTON!

THE IDOL IS METALLO, THE IRON JAWS' GOD! THE CONTROL CHAMBER OF PLANETOID DESTRUCTION IS WITHIN!

LOOK! SOME OF THE MONSTERS ARE ATTACHING THEIR JAWS AND EATING METAL!

AND YOU CAN ACTUALLY DESTROY PLANETS FROM HERE?

YES! LOOK AT THAT VIZOGRAPH PANEL OVER THERE!

THIS IS THE UNIVERSE CHART.. I TURN THE POINTER TO EARTH, AND MY PLUTORUM MACHINE STARTS ULTRA FREQUENCY WAVES.. THEY SUCK ALL MOISTURE FROM THE PLANETOID, UNTIL EVERYTHING IS WITHERED AND DEAD!

EARTH

JUPITER

SATURN

URANUS

PRAETORO

AURA

EARTH REFUSED MY DEMANDS. AND WILL SUFFER THE SAME FATE AS DID XANDRU WHEN I MOVE THIS LEVER!

IT'S NOW OR NEVER FOR OUR SCHEME!

SUDDENLY..

FOOL! YOU FIGHT IN VAIN! THIS BUTTON... WHAT'S WRONG?..

DARN TOOTIN' IT DOESN'T WORK.. WE KNOW YOUR SECRET! GET AWAY FROM THAT LEVER!

WRONG AGAIN, SISTER!

THIS RAY GUN WILL WORK!...

GOT AWAY! STILL GOT HER BOX! SHE'LL GET HER IRON JAW MEN!

OVER THERE IN THE CORNER.. GLASS HOODS!

THEY'RE STILL INSIDE! I'LL LINE UP MY ARMY!

I CANNOT FORCE MY MEN TO DESTROY THE ONE METAL OBJECT THEY WORSHIP, BUT I CAN ORDER THEM INSIDE... TO DESTROY THE SPACE RANGERS!

HURRY, SET THAT VIZO-POINTER AT THIS PLANET AND I'LL YANK THIS LEVER! MAYBE WE'LL ALL DIE, BUT LOTURA AND HER MONSTERS'LL GO WITH US!

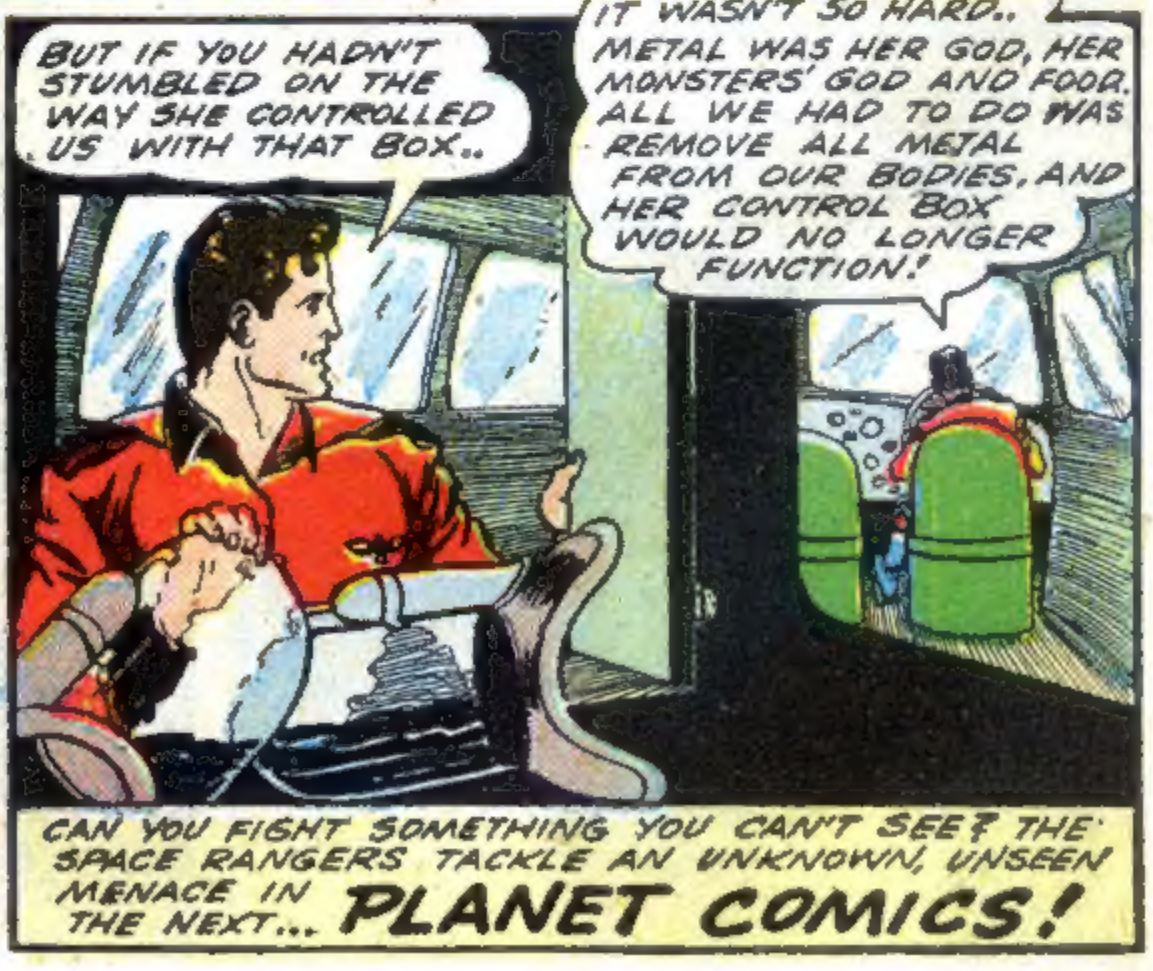
OKAY, LET 'ER RIDE!

S.SOMETHING WRONG! HARDER TO BREATHE! OHH! THEY'VE DISCOVERED THE ONE THING TO DEFEAT ME! BUT I'LL NOT DIE THAT DEATH!

FLINT, IT WORKED! ALL MOISTURE IS DISAPPEARING FROM THIS PLANET BUT THESE OXO-HOODS SAVE US!

YES, BUT LOOK! LOTURA IS REVERSING DIRECTION.. LEADING HER ROBOTS TOWARD THE FURNACE ROOM!

MINUTES LATER..
GONE, ALL GONE! ALL THAT REMAINS IS TWISTED SCRAPS OF RED HOT METAL!
IT TOOK GRIT.. RATHER THAN FALL CAPTIVE TO US SHE KILLED HERSELF.


BUT IF YOU HADN'T STUMBLED ON THE WAY SHE CONTROLLED US WITH THAT BOX..
IT WASN'T SO HARD.. METAL WAS HER GOD, HER MONSTERS' GOD AND FOOD. ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS REMOVE ALL METAL FROM OUR BODIES, AND HER CONTROL BOX WOULD NO LONGER FUNCTION!
CAN YOU FIGHT SOMETHING YOU CAN'T SEE? THE SPACE RANGERS TACKLE AN UNKNOWN, UNSEEN MENACE IN THE NEXT... PLANET COMICS!

PLANET COMICS GOES ON SALE THE 10th

Boys! FREE 5 POWER TELESCOPE

WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New KRAK-A-JAP COMMANDO MACHINE GUN

Safe Harmless!

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

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Boys! Be the First one in Your Neighborhood to own a "KRAK-A-JAP"

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free telescope arrive, just pay the postman $1.98 plus a few pennies postage and C. O. D. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon

Send no money To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 1718
500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for $1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

NAME .....

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☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope C. O. D. I will pay the postman $1.98 plus postage and C. O. D. charges.

☐ Please send me 3 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 3 Free Telescopes at the special price of $5.79 (a saving of 17c).

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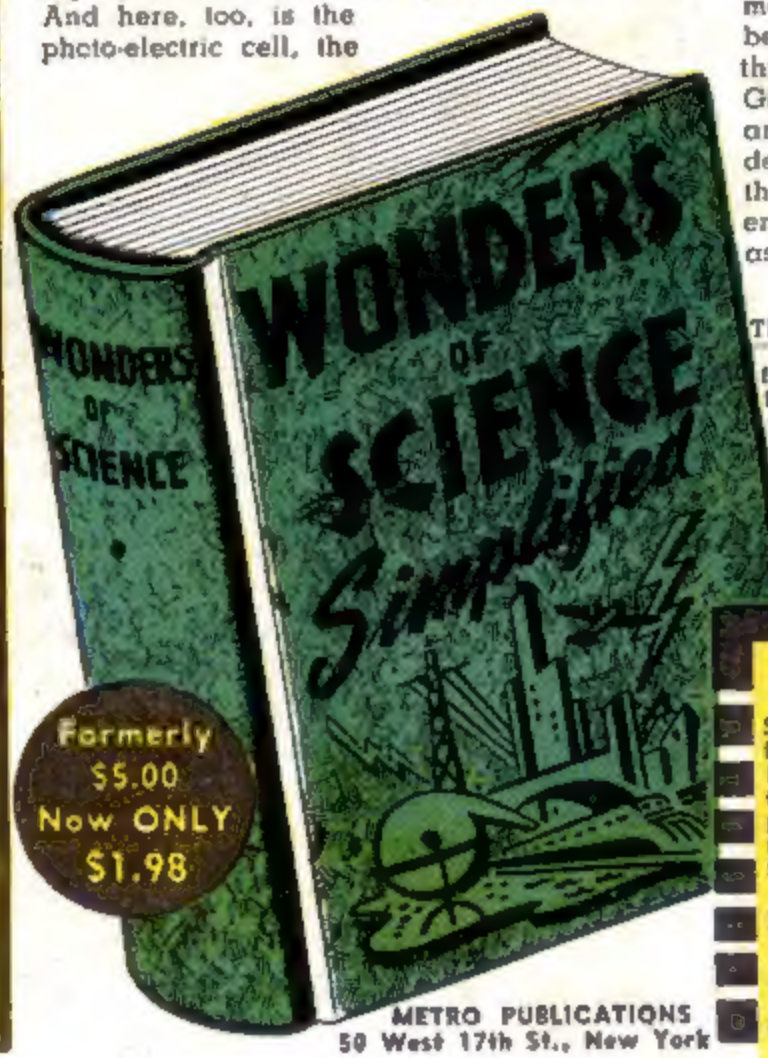

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